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Volume CCLV No. 3313 LONDON, November 30, 1963

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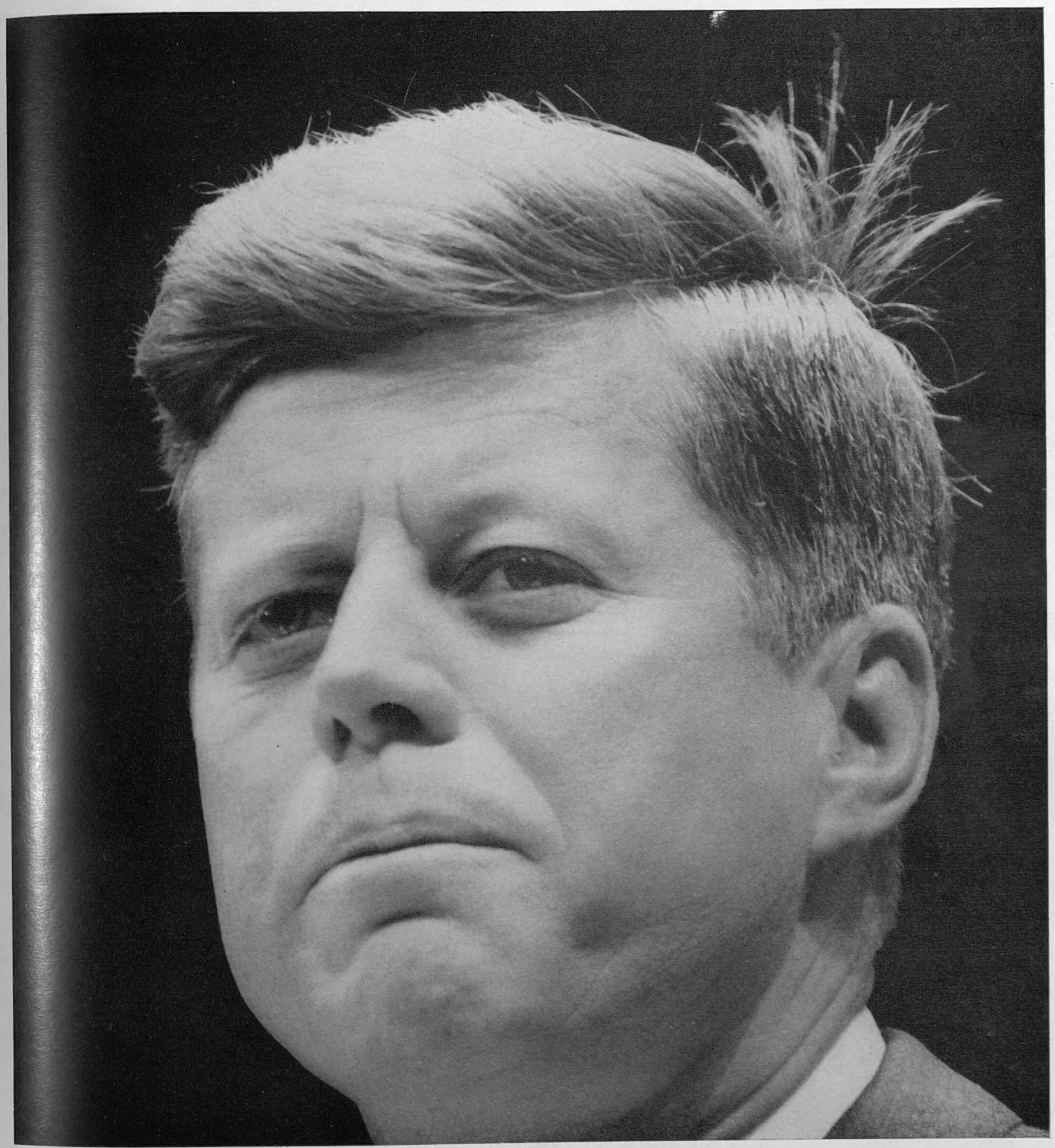
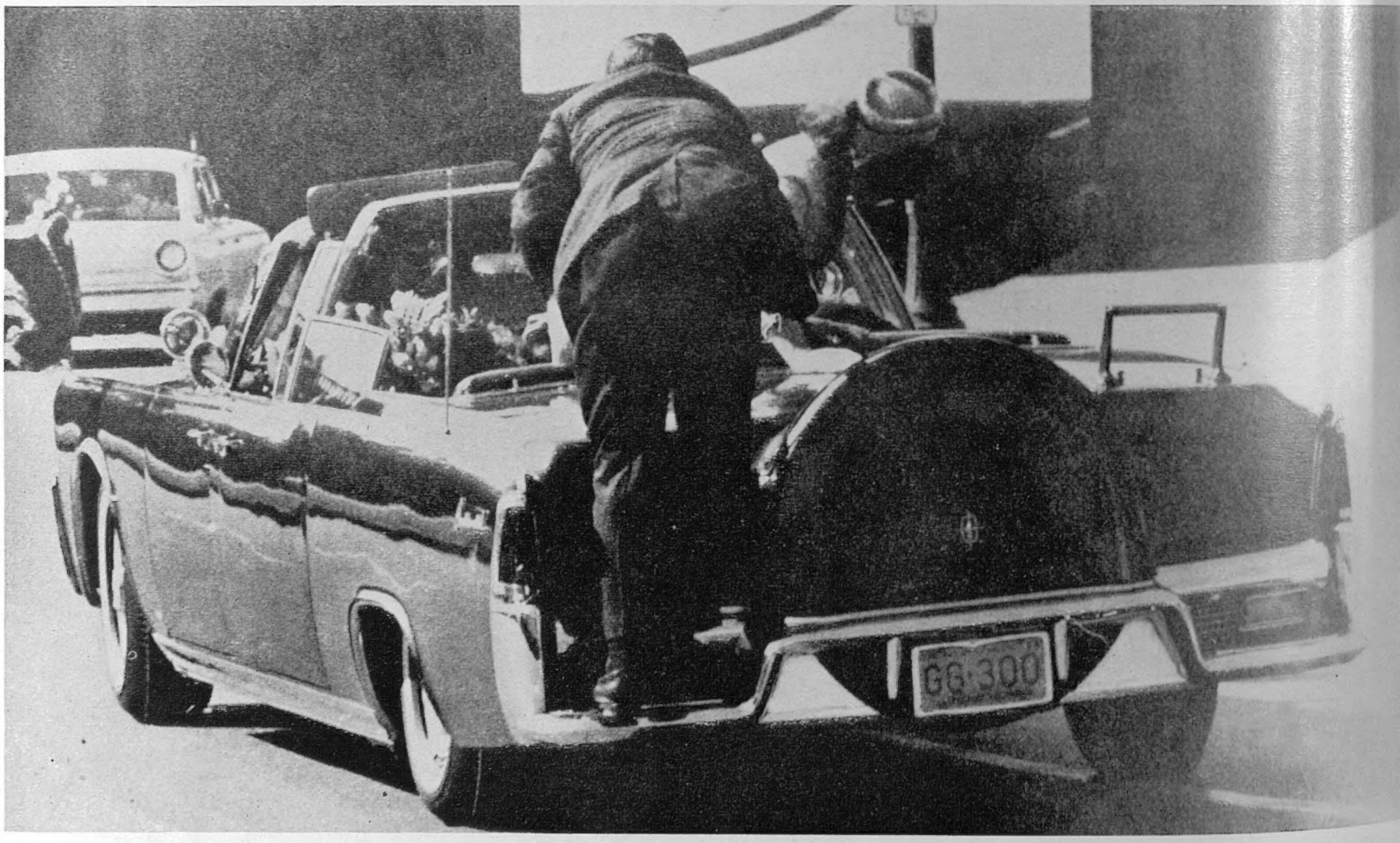


John F. Kennedy, 34th President of the United States of America, was undoubtedly the greatest since Franklin D. Roosevelt. His death is mourned by the whole world. At the time of his assassination he was pursuing the goal of universal peace

THE WHOLE WORLD MOURNS

ASSASSINATION IN DALLAS

324 The sense of shock at the news of the death of President Kennedy continued to be felt in many parts of the world at the beginning of this week. It had happened so swiftly on the sunny afternoon of November 22 in Dallas. The car in which he was driving rushed him to hospital, but 25 minutes after being shot John Fitzgerald Kennedy was dead. The drama mounted as police combed the city, and soon a 24-year-old ex-marine, Lee Harvey Oswald, was arrested and charged with the murder. Meanwhile Vice-President Lyndon B. Johnson had been sworn in as President and flown to Washington in the aircraft taking his predecessor's body back to the capital. There preparations were being made to receive the numerous heads of state or of government who had indicated their intention of attending the funeral. But on Sunday the focus went back to Dallas. As Lee Oswald was being taken from the police headquarters to travel to the County gaol he was shot at close range. He died an hour and a half later. The shooting was witnessed by millions all over America. Cameras outside the police HQ were broadcasting live at the time. (More pictures are on pp. 328 to 329. The article on External Affairs, p. 330, was written before the murder. Its effect upon US policy will be considered next week.)



Top: The photograph taken about one minute before his assassination shows President John F. Kennedy and his wife and Governor Connally of Texas and Mrs Connally driving through Dallas

Above: The bullets hav been fired and Mrs Ken nedy leans over th wounded President t cradle him in her arms Governor Connally wa also hit and rushed t hospital with Mr Kenned

Left: At Love airfield, Dallas, Lyndon B. Johnson is sworn in as President by District Judge Sarah T. Hughes in the Presidential plane. Flanking the new Chief Executive of the US are his wife and Mrs Kennedy

Below: Lee Oswald the alleged assassin of President Kennedy, is himself shot in the Dallas Police HQ. A man identified as Jack Ruby was taken into custody and charged with Oswald's murder

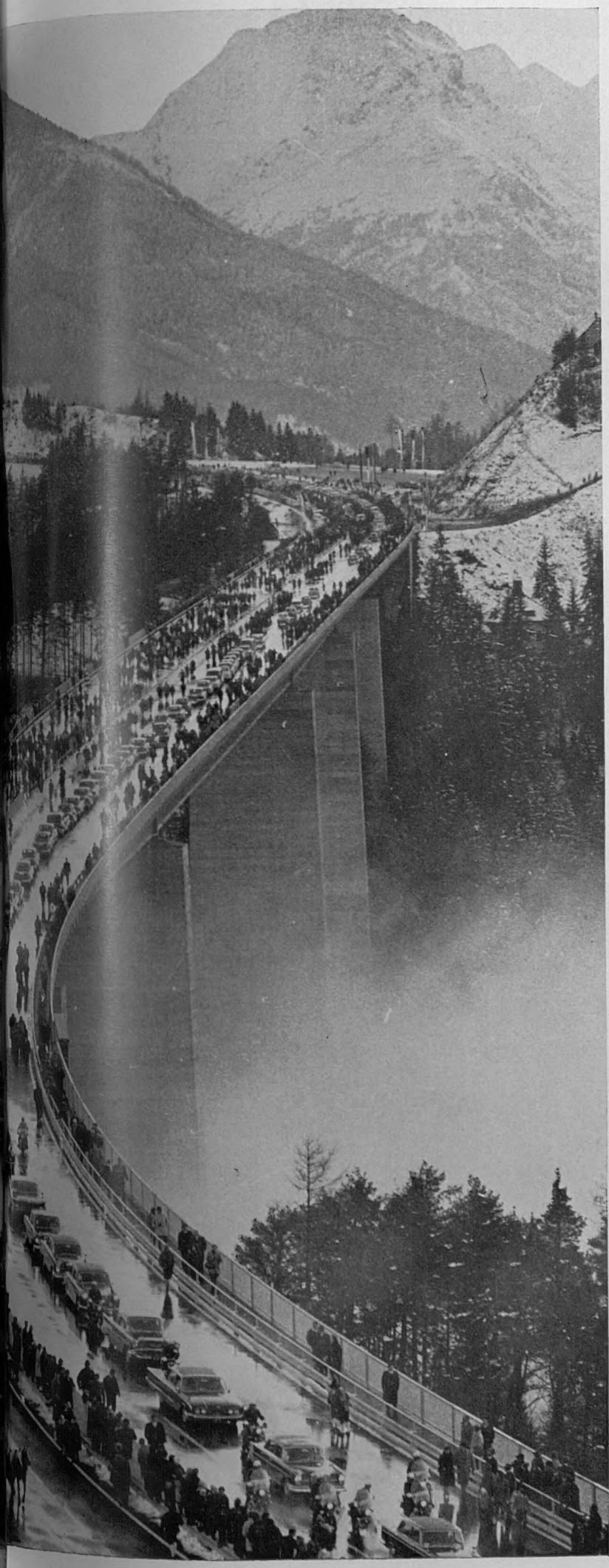
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Cold war in the Congo
President Kasavubu of the Congo and his Army Commander - in - Chief, General Mobutu (right), take the salute at a military parade in Leopoldville on Army Day. Last week it was stated in Leopoldville that two Soviet diplomats had been expelled and all members of the Soviet Embassy in the capital were declared *personae non grata*

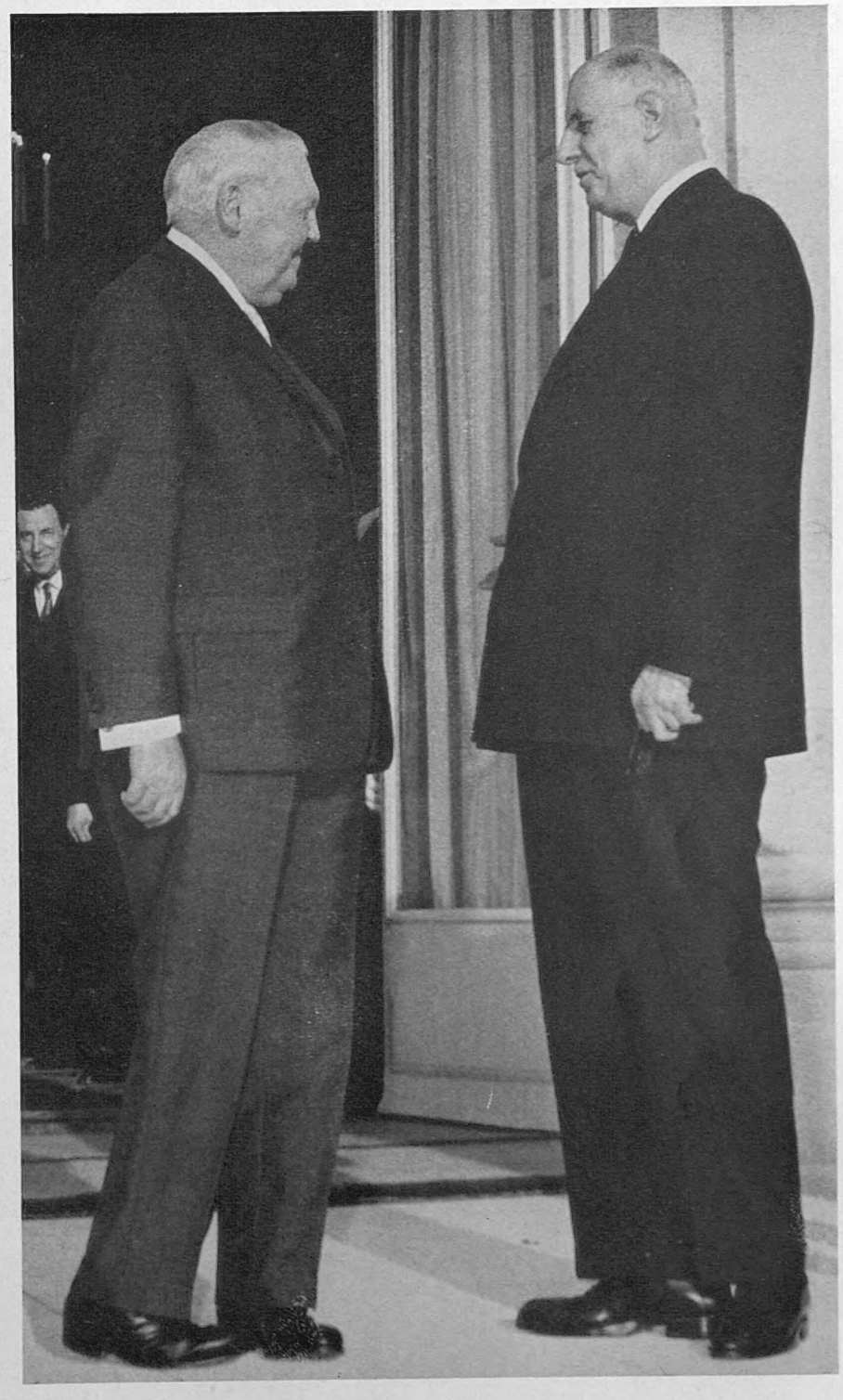
US discussions on South Vietnam
Mr McNamara, the US Defence Secretary, is en route for Honolulu. He flew to the island last week to attend a conference of American military and diplomatic leaders on US policies in the war against the Communists in South Vietnam

Mediation for Morocco and Algeria
At the final session of the African Foreign Ministers' meeting at Addis Ababa the Algerian Foreign Minister, Mr Abdellaziz (left), talks with the Algerian Ambassador to Morocco, Mr Saad Dahleb (centre), and with the Moroccan Foreign Minister, Mr Ahmed Reda Guedira. The outcome of the conference was a success for the Organisation for African Unity. Unanimous agreement was reached on the appointment of a commission to arbitrate in the border dispute

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



Europe's highest bridge opened
Motors stream over the Europa bridge in Austria on the way to the Brenner Pass. The horse-drawn mail coach in centre foreground was first across the bridge, 357 ft. above the Sill valley



Franco-German meeting in Paris
President de Gaulle is with Chancellor Erhard of West Germany on the steps of Elysee Palace during the latter's two-day visit to France. It was Dr Erhard's first visit to France since he succeeded Dr Adenauer

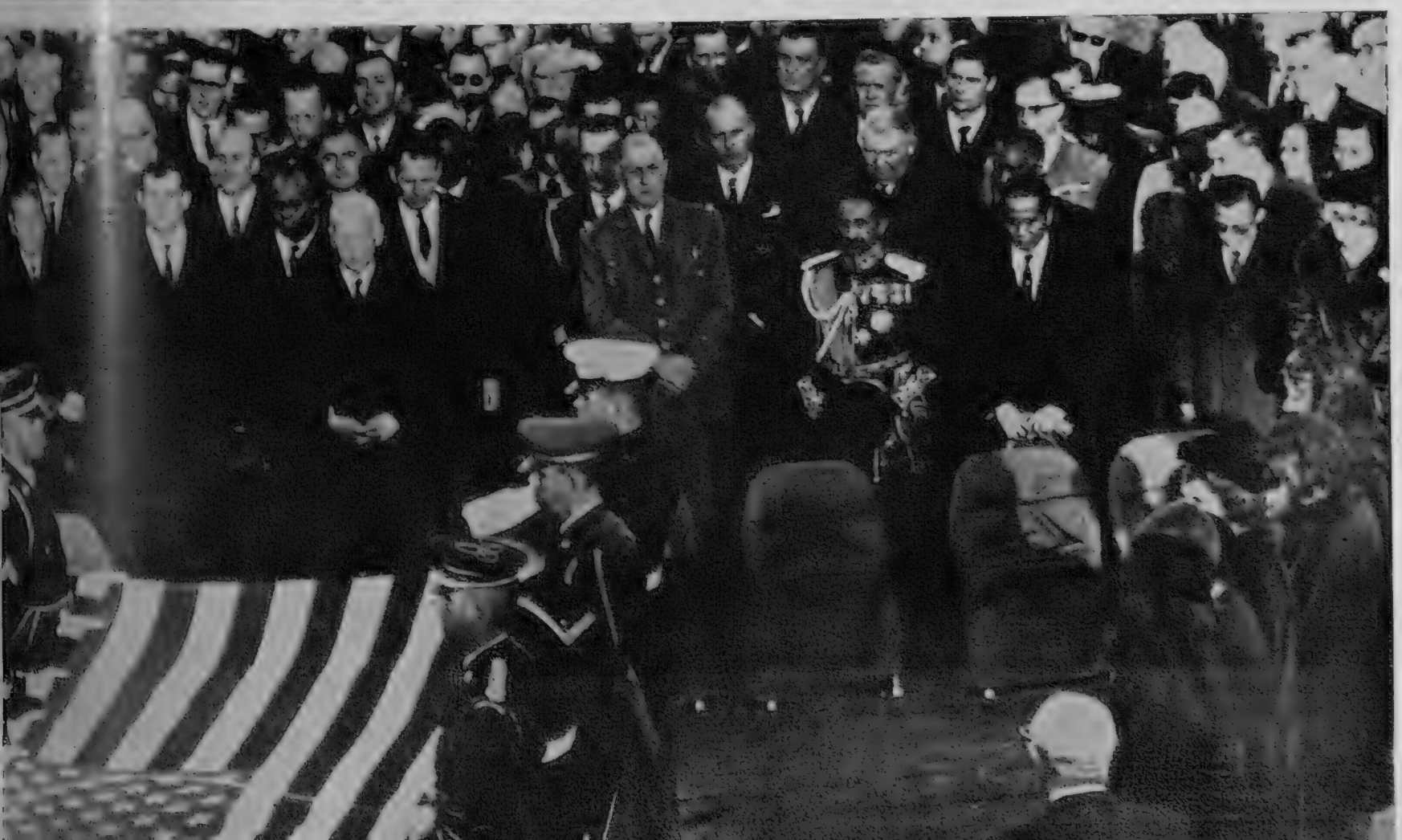
WASHINGTON MOURNS

328 **Right:** Hand in hand with her children, John Junior and Caroline, Mrs Jacqueline Kennedy leaves the Rotunda in Washington where President Kennedy's body had been taken to lie in state on the catafalque built for the assassinated President Lincoln. Behind Mrs Kennedy are Mr Robert Kennedy, President Kennedy's brother; Mr Peter Lawford, his wife and daughter; Mr and Mrs Stephen Smith; and the new President of the US Mr Lyndon Johnson and his wife

Below: In Moscow, Mr Khrushchev signs his name as he pays his condolences in the American Embassy. Behind Mr Khrushchev is Mr Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister. Public reaction in the Russian capital to the assassination was widespread and clearly genuine. And in the US Embassy in London, people gather to sign messages of condolence

Bottom: Representing Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh arrives at St. Matthew's Cathedral, Washington, to attend the funeral Mass for the President

Below: Crowds watch as the funeral procession moves slowly towards Arlington National Cemetery
Bottom: The coffin of President Kennedy is lowered into the grave, watched by Mrs Kennedy (right) and members of the late President's family. Among those at the graveside are President Lubke of West Germany, President de Gaulle, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia and Chancellor Erhard of Germany



MARKING TIME IN THE USSR

330 The " stop and start " tactics of Soviet foreign policy are again causing puzzlement. The sunny August which followed the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty has given way to a rather wintry November. The Soviet authorities have held up allied convoys on the Berlin Autobahn and then let them through again; they have arrested Professor Barghoorn of Yale University and then released him. None of the negotiations which were expected to follow the Test Ban Treaty has made any progress. Why is this?

The " stop and start " pattern is, of course, not new; it has recurred repeatedly in Soviet relations with the Western world and various explanations are regularly given for it, such as the Leninist theory of the ebb and flow of the revolutionary tide, the alternation of the stick and carrot designed to reduce the Western donkey to a state of Pavlovian nervous breakdown, the supposition of an internal military or Stalinist opposition. However this time a simpler and more straightforward explanation is readily available.

The most important event that has supervened since Mr Khrushchev decided to sign the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty has been the failure of the wheat harvest in the Soviet Union and in most of Eastern Europe, which has led to widespread discontent at home and vast purchases of grain abroad particularly from North America. This situation demands the fullest attention of the Soviet leadership, which is now preparing for next month's Central Committee meeting with the aim of reorganising the chemical industry to produce vast new supplies of fertilizers to guard against such emergencies in the future. In such domestic difficulties and at a time when he needs western grain to deal with them, Mr Khrushchev may well feel disinclined to negotiate with the West from what might appear a position of weakness. Furthermore, while it is the strength of a dictatorship that it can switch its line of policy at a moment's notice without " by-your-leave " from anyone or any explanation, it is its weakness that when the leader is engaged in any one field of activity all the other fields must be allowed to lie fallow. When Mr Khrushchev is deeply engaged in domestic affairs, no important decisions can be expected in foreign affairs. He has always made it clear that he alone makes foreign policy decisions and the Foreign Ministry is merely the instrument for executing them.

Against this background of domestic difficulties the Barghoorn affair makes some kind of sense. The Professor went to the Soviet Union to study the formation of public opinion. From the Western point of view this is a normal subject of academic study; but from the Soviet point of view it entailed the investigation of a very sensitive area at a very sensitive moment when Soviet public opinion was incensed at the sudden bread shortage. Furthermore, Professor Barghoorn as an expert Sovietologist with a good knowledge of Russian would be automatically suspected of straying across the ill-defined border which separates legitimate cultural contacts from the crime of ideological co-existence. He would be dealing with university circles and students, who are particularly suspect of a leaning towards this crime. It will be recalled that before the rapprochement which led to the signing of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty there was a very vigorous campaign against ideological co-existence with the capitalist world.

In Moscow Mr Khrushchev greets one of a party of American businessmen visiting the Soviet Union

Professor Barghoorn himself in his book on *Soviet Russian Nationalism* had advanced the view that official xenophobia or hostility to foreigners derived much of their virulence from the Kremlin's efforts to overcome Russian xenomania or enthusiasm for foreigners. The Soviet authorities would naturally be anxious that at a time of domestic difficulties Russian friendship for foreigners should be kept well within the limits of official exchanges. If the Security Authorities had been instructed to serve a warning to anyone with a hankering for "ideological co-existence," Professor Barghoorn might well seem a suitable candidate for " frame-up " and arrest. It would discourage both fellow Sovietologists and those who wanted to talk to them. But suddenly, with President Kennedy's intervention, what had seemed an act of domestic policy was seen to threaten the whole basis of Mr Khrushchev's foreign policy. Cultural exchanges with the US were endangered and even the negotiations for US wheat. This was not the intention at all. When the strength of the US reaction was realised Professor Barghoorn was released.

The general background to the Berlin Autobahn incidents would seem to be similar. It may well be that the local Soviet authorities suspected the Americans of trying to exploit a moment of Soviet weakness to change the arrangements by which allied convoys have access to Berlin. They were clearly under instructions from Moscow to make a show of strength as a warning against any attempt to change the *status quo*, but equally clearly they were not to push this demonstration to the point of a show-down which would have involved a new Berlin crisis and the undoing of the good done by the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty. So eventually the convoys went through.

Incidentally, the only Communist government which made much of these Autobahn incidents in its propaganda was the Ulbricht regime and it may be that this show of strength was supposed to help the East German Communists at a difficult moment. In any case despite the disappearance of Dr Adenauer, the Soviet authorities have not taken advantage of the more conciliatory attitude of Dr Erhard to make a new approach to the German problem.

The picture of Soviet policy towards the West is, then, not one of reversion to the Cold War nor one of fresh advances in negotiation but rather one of marking time until domestic difficulties are sorted out. A somewhat similar picture emerges in Soviet relations with China.

It had appeared for some time the Soviet government wanted to use the November 7 anniversary celebrations of the October revolution to prepare the Communist parties of the world for a conference to denounce the Chinese Communists. The Soviet press published recommendations to this effect by some minor Communist parties but some others such as the Rumanians and the Italians who are normally keen supporters of the Khrushchev line against China favoured long preparation for a conference of conciliation. Faced with this division in the Communist ranks and with so many home problems to cope with, Mr Khrushchev on October 25 made an appeal for a cessation of polemics. Both Parties should " let time have its say as to which viewpoint is the more correct." In fact the Soviet press does not seem to have lived up to this pious resolution. The Chinese claim to have counted in the Soviet press some 80 items directed against their leaders in the three weeks after Mr Khrushchev's appeal, which they dismiss as a dishonest piece of trickery.

It may be Mr Khrushchev wanted to mark time in the Sino-Soviet dispute as in East-West relations until he settles his domestic problems. If that is the explanation, although we may still expect some icy blasts from the east, there is no reason to suppose that the " glorious summer " of the Test Ban Treaty will turn into the " winter of our discontent." Rather after a more or less prolonged " stop " it is reasonable to expect another " start."

Maurice Latey

VISITORS FROM ICELAND

On his arrival for the dinner given at Guildhall in his honour, the President of Iceland, Mr Asgeir Asgeirsson, is welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman C. James Harman. The Icelandic President paid a five-day official visit to Britain last week, the primary purpose of which was to mark the restoration of the traditionally amicable relations between his country and Britain. Among the round of official visits of his stay, Mr Asgeirsson had luncheon in Fleet Street, in the area which has many associations with Dr Johnson. Mr Asgeirsson is a keen Johnsonian. **Left:** At Guildhall, Mrs Asgeirsson (right), wearing National costume, is with the Lady Mayoress, Mrs Harman

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

332 **Battle of words**

In his first clash with Mr Wilson in Parliament, the Premier (as was admitted by leading Tory newspapers) made a shaky start while the wicket was sticky. He only began to see the ball on the foreign and colonial field. It may be so; it was a pretty gruelling test for him. I daresay that, if debates in Parliament come to be televised, I shall understand better the importance of beating the Opposition in a war of words and of telling ripostes to jibes and barracking. Most people I suppose do little more than skim through the day's parliamentary reports and do not study *Hansard*. Accordingly, the importance of superiority in debate is lost on us since we never breathe the atmosphere of the House. The electorate therefore is more concerned with actions than with words and, though its representatives in Parliament may be uplifted or downcast, impressed or disappointed, by a victory or defeat in a war of words, it does not follow that their reactions reach back to their constituencies. Certainly it seems to me the Premier's line in the weeks ahead should not be too much concerned with verbal smart Alecs with the Opposition but should lie in quietness and confidence, which are his strong suit. He need not produce a pat answer to every awkward question. He should imitate Mr Asquith's (and Mr George Brown's) " wait and see." From now on, he will be judged not by wordy felicity but by action, and, the time being very short, the latter very properly has priority—the most accurate press reports of debates impinge very little on the general public—and verbal "scores" are no more lively than the rescued witticisms of a long dead humourist.

Whitehall spending spree?

The public has already received a shattering, if " rough," idea of what the taxpayer will be called on to pay for " modernising " Britain over the next few years. Among these items it is hard to regard as a priority the plan to demolish Gilbert Scott's palatial Whitehall block which houses the Foreign and CRO departments and the Home Office. No doubt broad corridors and high ceilings are more impressive than convenient, but those buildings were raised with the best materials and with the best available skills and should be good for 150 years; and with internal adjustments could be more economically fitted to continue to house the staffs necessary to serve those departments, not all of which grow in importance with the growth of their staffs. Before the taxpayer is finally committed to foot the roughly estimated bill of " some millions " (which on the basis of the miscalculation of the costs of modernising 10 and 11 Downing Street may well be umpteen millions), some vital questions should be asked and answered. For instance, by how much has the staff at the FO increased in the last 20 years? How much of the work done at the Commonwealth Relations Office has increased in volume? To what extent is this particular and totally vague estimate of expenditure due to Parkinson's Law and, if that law were abrogated, could not Scott's palace, with adjustments, still adequately house the FO and Commonwealth Relations staffs, and the Home Office as well, besides releasing many able men for more productive work? If this item is officially regarded as a priority, there is something in Labour's criticism of a spending spree. One would suppose that better prisons, schools, and homes had prior claims on the money; but it may be found that the staffs of Government departments do indeed increase more quickly than criminals, aspiring students and the homeless, and that the tail that wags the dog is longer than the dachshund itself, and needs more room. The word " economies " has become a dirty word in the party auction room.

Christmas decorations this year in Regent Street, London, take the theme of magnified snowflakes

Use of leisure

It is often found that what New York says today, London will echo tomorrow. American sociologists have become concerned at the effects of automation and find that the hours of leisure are outstripping the capacity to use it wisely. Boredom is breaking in, and the best way to check it is legislation to require the compulsory teaching of leisure activities as a part of the syllabus in all American schools. From our own experience we might assume from this proposal that technological and general education must be somewhat truncated and that much more attention must be paid to teaching pupils to play bingo really well and to study seriously form on the race tracks and how to fill up football coupons; and to initiate students into the finer points of professional football and the technique of race-track driving on the roads, and to stimulate and explain the enchantment of pop singing, green stamp-collecting and litter spreading. But I am sure this is not the intention of grave sociologists in America today or in England tomorrow. Even now in England a part of the national syllabus concerns itself with leisure and recreation. The young people learn to dance and sing and to embroider and work with their hands, and if stinks and Latin come to yield more ground to leisure activities, I hope that the pleasure and profit derived from reading good literature and the pride and joy in carpentry will be particularly remembered. My own experience of leisure suggests the importance of these activities. " E'en at the worst to the worst, books and a chamber remain," and " to labour with your hands the thing that is good " (even though it be achieved

Above: Before and after the cleaning of the West Front of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The cleaning and restoration was completed recently at a cost of £10,000. During the work a vast marble frieze was discovered

Left: This drawing is of the new house for the Senior Administrator and his wife, Captain and Mrs D. J. Coleman, of the bleak island of South Georgia in the Antarctic. It will be built by a team of eight men from the Scottish firm of Dorran Construction Ltd., who will travel out with everything needed for the building. This will be built on stilts to keep it clear of the snow and designed to withstand winds of up to 125 mph

by Heath Robinson methods) is the best insurance against boredom during the long hours of leisure. It takes quite a time to read Boswell's *Johnson*, *The Decline and Fall* and Lockhart's *Scott* and to run up a hen-house or a bird-table.

Doomsday book 1963

The Oxford University Press is to be congratulated on producing *The Atlas of Britain and Northern Ireland* at 25 gns—and cheap at the price. It is the result of ten years' hard labour by Mr D. P. Bickmore and Miss Alison Shaw, and a score of expert helpers. In this colourful 200-page atlas, industrialists, sociologists, planners, local authorities and all interested parties can learn at a glance all the information to be derived from cold and colourless statistics concerning the centres of British industries, areas of full employment and low employment, vital statistics showing young populations and old, favourite "retirement" resorts, weather and temperature prospects all over Britain, mortality rates, and an infinite variety of picturesque details which include areas where Welsh and Gaelic are still live languages. You can pore over these maps with constant excitement even if you have no axe to grind, no industry to site, no intention of moving your home, no particular stimulus beyond sheer curiosity to learn how the country you live in has changed.

As Wren saw it

The West Front of St. Paul's Cathedral has had its first wash in 250 years. It presents a "bird's eye view"—"as Wren saw it"—which satisfies the Chapter and I think the public. The only solvent used for the "clean" was water, 5 million gallons of it. No chemicals were employed. But water alone was not enough to remove up to an inch thickness of grime, dung and soot. Wire brushes vigorously co-operated. I suppose that in 250 years a good deal more than 5 million gallons of water have fallen on the West Front, but the soot and grime laughed at showers and downpours and grew fat on them. The Lord Mayor and the Chapter plan to finish the job one day but not immediately. The money must first be found, and then they may wait to see what effect on the fabric results from the removal of 2½ centuries' growth of protective covering. The soot may have saved the stone and marble from flaking and crumbling—a dingy but effective Snowcem. *The Old Stager*

KUBRICK DROPS A BOMB

334

As American B-52 nuclear bombers fly on a mistaken mission to attack Russia, agonised discussions are held in the War Room of the Pentagon. And General Buck Turgidson (George C. Scott) chooses this moment to accuse the Soviet Ambassador (Peter Bull) of spying before the President (Peter Sellers), right

Below: American troops fight their way in to capture the US Air Force general who sent his aircraft to attack Russia

Stanley Kubrick is one of the most arresting and original talents to erupt from the American film industry for a long time. The latest of his pictures has the bizarre title *Dr Strangelove—or How I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb.* It opens at the Columbia in London on December 12, released by Columbia. The title is an easy clue to the nature of the film—a nightmare comedy about what happens when an American Air Force general goes mad and dispatches his aircraft to drop nuclear bombs on Russia. There may be controversy over the subject matter, but it would be difficult to deny that Kubrick has made a film which is both pertinent and funny (true satire in fact).

Right: Dr Strangelove (Peter Sellers again), a naturalised German nuclear scientist, advises the President on how long effects of nuclear war will last

Above: Major Kong (Slim Pickens) struggles to keep his B-52 flying after a near-miss by a missile. Left is his co-pilot Ace Owens (Shane Rimmer)

Top: The mad general, Jack D. Ripper (Sterling Hayden), right, tries to comfort his panic-stricken aide, Group-Captain Mandrake (Peter Sellers yet again)

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

336 **CANADA**

Increase in Foreign Aid

Canada plans to increase her foreign aid spending next year by between $60 and $70 million. Her programme for the current year is approximately $120 million, and for the fiscal year 1964-65 it will be between $180 and $190 million. The main feature of the accelerated programme will be in special lending for development purposes. Under the programme, up to $50 million will be loaned with such attractive terms as long maturity periods, liberal grace periods and little or no interest.

Separate provision will be made for a food aid programme and contribution to the Indus Basin Development Fund, which was set up in an effort to resolve the dispute between India and Pakistan over the use of the waters of the Indus Basin. These are now included in Canada's bilateral grant aid programmes, which will be continued in 1964-65 at their present level of about $50 million. But in future they will be limited to the provision of project assistance, the supply of industrial commodities and the carrying out of technical assistance for developing countries. These improvements would be additional to Canada's other existing programmes of assistance, including contributions to the U.N. programmes.

The overall programme will be flexible and designed to place Canada in a position to make an effective response to changing national and international circumstances. In particular, it will provide for: (*a*) Aid to Colombo Plan countries of Asia; (*b*) A more comprehensive and sizeable Canadian programme for the Commonwealth countries of the Caribbean; (*c*) Larger and more effective programmes for Africa, including the French-speaking states, and (*d*) Further contribution to Latin American development, to be carried out in close co-operation with the inter-American Development Bank, through the availability of new and additional lending resources.

INDIA

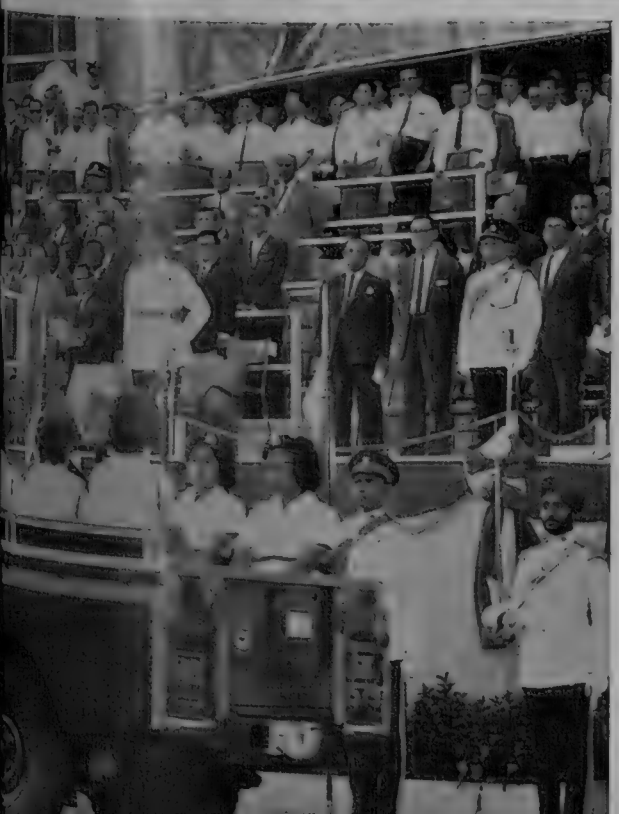
The new High Commissioner in London

The new High Commissioner for India to Britain and Ambassador to Ireland is to be Dr Jivraj Narayan Mehta. He is expected to take up his appointment early next month. Until September, he was Chief Minister of Gujarat State. Born in 1887, Dr Mehta is no stranger to Britain, being an M.D. of London University (where he gained the University Medal). He also held a clinical appointment at the London Hospital. President of the Indian Medical Association in 1930, he was a member of the Medical Council of India from 1938 to 1943 and has been again since 1947. The new High Commissioner took an active part in the Independence Movement and was a close associate of Mahatma Gandhi. In the late 1940's he was closely connected with Baroda affairs as Minister and Adviser to the central government, and with the Central Indian Government Ministry of Health. From 1949-52 he was Minister of the Public Works Department in the Government of Bombay, and then Minister for Finance until 1960.

Dr Mehta's wife, Mrs Hansa Mehta, is also a distinguished public figure. She has a Doctorate of Literature from Allahabad and Baroda Universities and is an ex-Vice-Chancellor of the latter. Apart from her interest in higher education, Mrs Mehta is actively involved in social work. She was the president of the Indian Conference of Social Work from 1954 until 1957, and following this a member of the executive board of Unesco. The High Commissioner's wife is the author of several educational and social books and has translated some of Shakespeare's plays into Gujerati.

Right: Brigadier C. H. Stoneley is the new commander of British Army units in Singapore. He was deputy commander, Singapore Base District and succeeds Major-General E. A. W. Williams **Far right:** Policewomen drive past the dais in Singapore on which stands the Yang di-Pertuan Agong (the Supreme Ruler) of Malaysia, taking the salute. The parade was in honour of his first state visit to Singapore

Above: Mr Justice S. Crabbe (left) a judge of the East African Court of Appeal, in Nairobi with Mr Njonjo, Kenya's Attorney General
Left: Mr Nehru is garlanded on his 74th birthday
Top: Dr Lakdasa De Mel, Metropolitan of the Church of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, talks in London with Mrs Malalaskera, wife of the High Commissioner for Ceylon, at a reception



BOOK REVIEWS

An African Abroad by Olabisi Ajala: Jarrolds, 25s. This is an unusual travel book by a young Nigerian who determined to see the world with his own eyes. On a motor scooter he journeyed for six years through Europe, Africa and Asia, visiting over 87 countries. Mr Ajala made up his mind en route to see as many political leaders as he could, and he pursued this aim with Boswellian verve. Fortune favours the bold, and it favoured Mr Ajala, though he sometimes got into trouble for gate-crashing. His account of encounters with Nehru, Khrushchev, Sukarno, Nasser, and other statesmen of the world, makes lively reading. The book's introduction is by Tom Mboya, Minister for Justice and Constitutional affairs in the Government of Kenya.

Of Emirs and Pagans by Pearce Gervis: Cassell. 30s. In the early years of the century, when most of Northern Nigeria was overrun by the British Army, the country was found to be ruled by Muslim Emirs and Pagan Chiefs. Their rule was despotic, and they traded extensively in skins, ivory and slaves. Less than 60 years later, the account of dramatic strides made in cultural, economic and social development is nothing short of amazing. It is to be found in this book by a member of the British Government Overseas Service, who spent two tours of duty in West Africa, one during the second world war, and the other in the period of self-government immediately preceding independence. With his knowledge of Hausa, Mr Gervis was able to mix with a wide variety of the people and learn about their customs. He is also the author of *Sierre Leone Story*, *Naked They Pray* and *This is Kashmir*.

Tropic Temper by James Kirkup: Collins, 30s. The author lived for a year in Malaya, teaching at the University of Kuala Lumpur. His book is more than a description of flora and fauna; it is a poet's impression of a "peninsula of cloud, curried with storms." When he first arrived in the country, Mr Kirkup was disappointed with it, primarily because he had just come from Japan, about which he has written in *These Horned Islands*. But as time went on, he learnt more about the people that lived there, the Malays, Chinese and Indians, and grew in his appreciation and affection for them.

PORTUGUESE AFRICA

by **Pieter Lessing,** *who has recently travelled extensively in Angola*

A Portuguese and an African soldier of the multi-racial army are on guard in a village near Carmona in Northern Angola

In spite of its nearly 500 years as a Portuguese territory, Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, has remained one of the least-known countries of Africa. In part this is due to a Portuguese policy which for long seemed to be that all publicity was bad publicity, a policy which continued even after the shattering explosion which made Angola front-page news and which immediately focused critical world attention on Portuguese Africa. In part, however, it is due to the inaccessibility of most of the country.

Much of the 500,000 square miles of mountains and jungle which comprise Angola and which provides a home to perhaps 5 million people, of whom only 300,000 are white Portuguese, is to some extent still virgin Africa, more suitable for a Dr Livingstone than for a 20th century traveller. It is also Africa with a difference, because most of it remains one of the few areas of that vast continent where the visitor finds peace and order. Only in one triangle in the north, 100 miles wide at the top, bordering on the Congo, and 180 miles deep, does this not apply. This, of course, is the area which was overrun by the self-styled Army of Liberation under Holden Roberto, and where a bitter struggle is still being waged.

On a journey which took me through several thousand miles of Angola, in my own vehicle and usually wandering at random, the peacefulness, the friendliness of the indigenous population, and the total absence of an atmosphere of emergency, was a constant surprise. Only in the affected area in the north was it not possible to wander freely. However, the authorities in the north raised no objections when I sought to make contact with the terrorist forces. I crossed the border to the Matadi area to do so. But I could have saved myself the trouble.

The troops engaged in the relentless jungle war have little diversion in their moments of respite and, like British troops in similar circumstances, often play football. The terrorists, also with little to amuse themselves during such periods, like to mingle with the spectators, to watch the football. Far from objecting to this, the Portuguese often put out food kitchens for them on these occasions, and medical facilities are available for those either ill or wounded. The only condition is that they must leave their arms behind before seeking either food or treatment, a condition which they readily accept. By merely remaining with the Portuguese troops it is therefore possible to meet any number of terrorists off duty, so to speak.

Some of the local Portuguese complained to me that the Army is treating the terrorist forces with kid gloves. The army view was put to me thus: "Our real mission is to lay the foundation for a peaceful non-racial Angola." Resentment at this soft treatment on the part of survivors of the original massacres, who saw 13,000 of their womenfolk, children, friends and servants butchered with the utmost brutality when the terrorists first struck, is understandable. The fact that a large area has already been totally pacified, with more than 250,000 refugees and surrendered terrorists resettled in new villages and townships, justifies the official policy.

It does not mean, however, that the war is about over. It will not be over for a long time, if ever; not so long as the terrorist forces have the adjoining Congo as a base to which they can flee to re-equip. The wild, jungle terrain of the Angola-Congo frontier cannot be sealed off or controlled.

At the same time the Portuguese troops are no longer the untrained recruits, fresh from Portugal, who were catapulted into the dense, inhospitable jungle soon after the uprising started. There are now more than 40,000 of them, including 7,000 African volunteers, and the key units have been reshaped on the pattern of Britain's war-time Chindits. They operate in small groups, on foot, sometimes disappearing for weeks on end on patrols.

I was impressed by the morale of the men. Now thoroughly at home in the African bush, they seem to be more than a match for anything that Holden Roberto can pit against them, even with Congolese aid and Algerian instructors or Communist "liaison officers."

It is not defeat *in* Angola which the Portuguese fear. It is the possible cumulative effect of outside pressure—at the United Nations, in Washington and in London.

Angola is under-populated and underdeveloped, particularly in view of its great latent economic potential which has only lately been realised, and it could do with a more efficient administration. But these are not the aspects of Portuguese rule which are under fire abroad, although they are precisely the grounds on which reforms are being urged from within. The political attacks from outside are concerned with the alleged ill-treatment of the African population and the refusal to grant them independence.

To say that I saw no evidence of Africans being ill-treated would not be conclusive. What is definite, however, is that in official eyes and in life as it is lived in Angola there is no distinction based on colour. A white skin is, furthermore, no passport to prosperity.

It is a normal sight to see white and black labourers working side by side in a road gang, with a black overseer. That it could be otherwise never occurs to the average Portuguese. Sitting in an open-air café in fashionable Luanda, the capital, or in Nova Lisboa, or Lobito or Benguela, there is nothing unusual in seeing a black African taking his refreshments at the next table while a white Portuguese bootblack cleans his shoes.

A black administrator, driving round an agricultural settlement in a shiny car, will inspect the humble dwelling of a white peasant with the same thoroughness as the next one occupied by a coloured peasant. I still sometimes see references to the *assimilado* system by which a small upper layer of Africans could become nominally white. This no longer exists. All in law and practice are full Portuguese citizens with equal rights.

In practice, however, the best jobs are normally still occupied by white Portuguese. The reason is that today they still have the best educational qualifications, due to past neglect of African (*Continued on page 341*)

Left: The River Congo near San Antonio do Zaire forms the northern frontier of Angola. On the far side is the Congo Republic (former Belgian Congo). The river is patrolled day and night by soldiers in rubber dinghies to prevent rebels re-equipped in Congo from crossing back into Angola

Below: By a board proclaiming the country's aim of racial integration a soldier instructs children in a village being protected by his unit after being relieved from rebel attacks

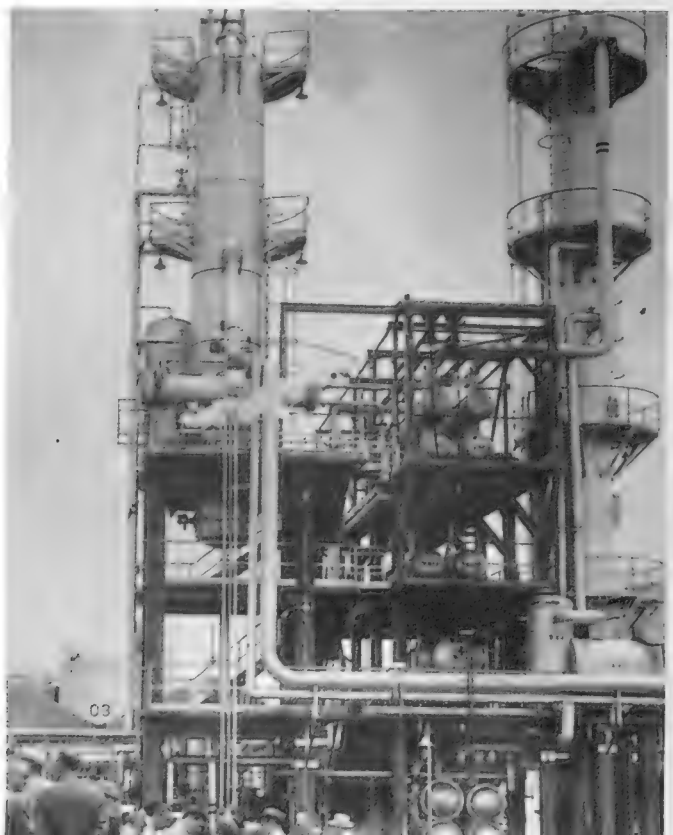
Left: Luanda, with a population of 45,000 is the capital of Angola. Its many modern buildings are symbolic of the bustling economic activity to be found in many parts of the country. The first settlers arrived in Portuguese West Africa nearly 500 years ago. Luanda was founded in 1575

Above: The port installations at Luanda. Angola's chief exports include coffee, maize, diamonds, sugar, wax, sisal, cotton and also ground-nuts. Among chief imports are textiles, machinery and foodstuffs. The Territory has a coastline of over 1,000 miles

Above: A class of children of various races in progress at a school in Mozambique. Here, in the Portuguese Overseas Territory on the East African coast, as in Angola on the West, writes Pieter Lessing, "the only attempt in the whole of Africa to build a truly integrated non-racial society is in progress"

Right: A field is prepared for coffee planting in Dambo, in Northern Angola

Below: An oil refinery at Luanda. The great economic potential of the country has only lately been appreciated



Above: An industrial school in Nova Lisboa which is second in size only to Luanda. A big educational drive for children of all races is now being carried out in Portuguese Africa

Centre: Vessels in the port of Lobito, southwards down the West African coast from Luanda. Lobito is the largest port in Angola and one of the finest natural harbours in Africa

PORTUGUESE AFRICA *continued from page 338*

education. But every effort is now being made to rectify this. A sweeping school programme, designed to bring education to everybody, has been launched, with all schools open to all colours. Even the troops are used as schoolteachers. With the new policy, that the only qualification needed to do any job is a man's ability to do the job, the present imbalance will automatically disappear in time. It will take time. Education always does.

Most of the white Portuguese in Angola have been there a long time and regard themselves as Portuguese Africans, with a loyalty to Angola rather than to Lisbon. I asked one of them how long he had been in Angola. "I was born here," he replied, "and so were all my ancestors since 1498. Before that we lived in West Africa. We'd been there since the 12th century." I could not help reflecting that if, after 60 years, settlers in Kenya claim that they have a right to be in Africa, and if South Africans make the same claim after 300 years, this man's claim must be substantial.

There are, of course, on the same pattern as in other countries, a "black" Angola and a "white" Angola. Here, however, I found that "black" Angola contained many thousands of white Portuguese, and that "white" Angola is full of black Africans, and all the mulattos. The dividing line is education, way of life, and income, but never colour. Inter-marriage and inter-breeding are not only wholeheartedly approved but the new large-scale immigration and settlement programme, which is part of the general development project, is designed to encourage the total mixing of colours.

The question of independence is a different matter. There is a widespread demand, among all colours, for a far greater degree of autonomy. The largest single group, the Association of Angola Citizens, with white Portuguese, mulattos and Africans represented in the leadership, is regarded by Lisbon as a subversive movement. It is nevertheless the most representative group, and sees Angola as a country with a future of its own, in need of a greater degree of development than it thinks Portugal can provide. It resents the fact that too many day-to-day decisions still have to be made in Lisbon. It demands, not independence, but autonomy under the Portuguese umbrella.

In saying that I found this to be the most representative opinion in Angola, I should stress that my travels lasted many weeks and covered a large part of the country, including the sophisticated modern coastal cities as well as the towns in the interior, the completely primitive areas where there is not a white man for a few hundred miles, some of the new agricultural settlements as well as the new industrial areas, and the fertile, cultivated farmlands.

Only in the north, among the insurgents, did I hear the constant demand for total, and immediate, independence. Which goes a long way towards explaining the peculiar phenomena that the uprising, even in the early days before the Portuguese Army arrived in any strength, did not spread beyond a certain well-defined area in the north, and that many thousands of Africans volunteered for service against Holden Roberto's invaders.

The scene in Luanda when Admiral Tomas, President of Portugal, arrived on his visit to Angola last September

The explanation is that there are 105 different African tribes in Angola, divided into 11 distinct ethnical groups, each with its own history, customs, traditions and temperament. Some of the tribal groups are hostile to each other, but most are agreed on one thing: that the Bacongo group in the north must be prevented from re-establishing its ancient rule over most of the country. (The Bacongo group of 15 tribes straddles the Congo frontier and also reaches into Brazzaville Congo. President Kasavubu of the Congo is a Bacongo, and so is Holden Roberto.)

In short, the Bacongo are feared and disliked by most of the other tribes, who have long memories, and the uprising, which was from the outset almost entirely confined to the Bacongo region, was seen by the other tribes as a serious threat to their safety and well-being.

The result has been not only an abundance of African volunteers to fight with the Portuguese, but, for a while, a serious danger of tribal warfare as some of the southern and central tribes prepared to redress their own grievances against the Bacongo. This the Portuguese could not allow, and strict control on movement northwards had to be imposed.

The Bacongo in Angola, incidentally, number only 500,000, against a total black population of over 4 million, and by no means all of them joined the uprising. Thousands sought protection under the Portuguese, particularly after the arrival of the army, when it became clear that Portugal was not running away.

What both Portugal and the rebel leaders are really fighting for is time. Portugal needs time to allow the new sweepingly progressive policies to take effect and for the intensive development programme to show results. If it depended only on the Portuguese Army in Angola, the necessary time could be won. But it depends as much on the attitude of the U.N., US and Britain and their pressures.

The rebel armies believe, however, that all they also need is time, time in which to bleed Portugal's economy white in a war of attrition. My own impression is that this is unlikely to happen, because although the conflict imposes a heavy strain on Portugal's economy, it is not costing nearly as much as many believe.

Few major engagements are fought. Frequent skirmishes, with small-arms, are normal but the troops have to be paid irrespective whether they are in Europe or in the jungle. Many more troops have, of course, been called up, and this is the real extra cost, plus the loss of manpower in Portugal.

Meanwhile, for the first time, Angola is bustling with economic activity. New buildings are shooting up, land is being reclaimed from the jungle, schools are mushrooming, new industries are being developed, agricultural colleges and technical schools are being opened, and new immigrants are flowing in. Unfortunately, it appears to be rather too much for the creaky, bureaucratic administrative machine.

But new blood and new talent are now flowing into Angola and in time—once more the big need!—even this might be rectified. In Angola and Mozambique, Portugal's other big African possession, the only attempt in the whole of Africa to build a truly integrated non-racial society is in progress. In normal circumstances one would have assumed that the rest of Africa as well as the rest of the world would have watched the experiment with keen interest. But, of course, times and circumstances are not normal.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DREADED BUT HARMLESS

342 "It is a ravening beast, feigning itself gentle and tame, but being touched it biteth deep, and poisoneth deadly. It beareth a cruel mind, desiring to hurt anything, neither is there any creature it loveth. They annoy vines, and are seldom taken except in cold; they frequent ox-dung. If they fall into a cart-road, they die and cannot get forth again. They go very slowly, they are fraudulent and take their prey by deceit. Many times they gnaw the ox's hoofs in the stable. They love the rotten flesh of a raven. . . . If horses or any other labouring creature doth feed in that pasture or grass in which a shrew shall put forth her venom or poison in, they will presently die."

Thus (spelling and punctuation modernised), Topsell in his *History of Four-footed Beasts*, which was published in 1607, shows he had no great affection for the shrew, and in this he differed not at all from his contemporaries. For them the shrew was indeed "a ravening beast, feared of all." But Topsell was an eminently fair-minded man and he was careful to point out that, though a ravening beast, the shrew was also, medicinally, a most valuable animal.

An effective cure for a shrew bite was to cut a shrew open and apply the body in the manner of a plaster to the wound. A shrew, found dead in a cart-road, "being burned, and afterwards beaten or dissolved into dust, and mingled with goose grass, being rubbed or anointed upon those which are troubled with the swelling" brought about immediate relief. Those "grieved and pained in their bodies with sores called fellons or biles, which doth pain them with a great inflammation" had but to walk three times round a dead shrew suspended just above the ground. A shrew found dead in a wheel-rut and rolled in potter's clay or a linen cloth, or in a crimson or scarlet woollen cloth, and "three times marked about the Impostumas, which will suddenly swell in any man's body" effected a speedy cure. The tail of a shrew, cut from the live animal and burned and beaten into dust, would heal the bite of a dog in no time at all. And so on.

All nonsense, of course; as great nonsense as the much better known "shrew-ash." A shrew-ash was an ash tree into the trunk of which a deep hole was bored. Into this hole a live shrew was placed and the hole was then sealed up. There must have been ceremonies attached to this practice (which was widespread throughout the country), but no record of them has survived. Belief in the shrew-ash was still prevalent in Gilbert White's day (though there is some evidence that, in Hampshire, it was then beginning to fade; at least, that new shrew-ashes were not being made) and in his *Natural History of Selborne* he gives us this account:

"A shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pain which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected. Against this accident, to which they are continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which when once medicated would maintain its virtue for ever."

All nonsense. But it was believed. It was genuinely and widely believed that shrews were poisonous, that the bite of a shrew would kill not only cattle and horses, but men: that a shrew, running over the feet of a pregnant woman, would bring about a miscarriage. (In view of the dread and horror in which shrews were held, I should think this quite likely!) And these things, and many others, were implicitly believed not merely by the ignorant peasantry, but also by men of great intelligence.

How did these superstitions arise? How did such a harmless, and on the whole useful, little animal arouse such universal fear? Edmund Sandars has this to say:

"I once caught two short-tailed Voles and a small Shrew together in a box-trap which did not injure them. When opened in the morning, the trap contained the Shrew and the bodies of the two Voles, each of which was twice his size. Both had been killed by bites behind the ears and formed a bleeding mass which the Shrew, with frantic voracity, continued to devour. The whole trap (and room) reeked of the Shrew. I felt such disgust as fully explained to me the view of the 17th century writer who spoke of the Shrew as 'ravening beast, feared of all'."

But I doubt if it was the custom in the 17th century to catch voles and shrews in box-traps. And in the wild one is not aware of the reek of shrews. For that matter, despite the fact that the shrew is a common and widespread animal how often have you seen one going about its business? Very rarely, I'll be bound. One usually sees only those shrews killed by the cat or, in the autumn (which is the natural time for them to die, for they live only about 15 months), those dead on a pathway. I do not think that smell or ferocity can really have had anything to do with the superstition. I think it much more likely that the belief that shrews are poisonous arose from the fact that cats and dogs will kill them but will not eat them.

But, if poisonous (and so deadly poisonous), how did the belief in the curative properties of shrews arise? The use of dead shrews beaten into dust, is understandable and would be valuable in the practice of the local "witch-doctor." Indeed, I think that the shrew may well have played a larger part in witchcraft than is generally realised. But the use of live shrews? Consider Topsell again: "Compass the hole wherein she lieth round about and get her out alive, and keep her so till she die and wax stiff, then hang her about the neck of the beast you would preserve, and there will not be any shrew come near them." "Get her out alive": but who, fearful of being bitten and poisoned, would have been brave enough to do that? And who would cut the tail from a live shrew? That would not be a matter of having a swipe at the thing as it ran about: to make sure you would have to pick the shrew up and hold it. And who in Topsell's day—even, perhaps, in White's day—would have been foolhardy enough to do that?

I do not believe that Topsell invented these cures. Someone picked up shrews. Spread over the country were wise men or women who knew, from close observation that shrews were harmless. They did not, of course, broadcast their knowledge. On the contrary, they would have been at pains to encourage fear of shrews and, thus, their reputation for having power over them, a power that prevented them being bitten and poisoned. Such a reputation would give great power over men as well: you would think twice about crossing such a man, if you valued your cattle—or, maybe, your life. It paid to be a good naturalist in Topsell's day!

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC HOSKING

A cock owl, with its chicks behind, holds a common shrew in his beak in an old skep in a Norfolk barn at night

FELSTED v GRESHAM'S

Although Gresham's had a heavier and stronger pack, Felsted throughout the game showed considerably more prowess behind the scrum. There was much indecisive play in the first half, with keen marking by both teams that prevented any breakthroughs to score, until a quick heel put a man over the line for Gresham's. The game livened with attack and counter-attack, and scoring on both sides. Had not Gresham's lost their ascendancy in the pack the game might have ended in a draw. As it was, Felsted were able to take advantage of some panicky passing, and in one of their raids scored a decisive try, which was converted. The final whistle left the score at 13–9.

Left: M. J. Williams for Gresham's (narrow stripes) races with the ball for a try. Behind him is P. M. Greenberg. Running to intercept on the left are D. W. Martin, M. L. Pumphrey and B. L. Thompson for Felsted (broad stripes)

Below left: Gresham's heaviest forward R. J. Taylor has the ball. He is tackled by B. M. Cooper

Below: M. G. Oliver is tackled by the Gresham's captain, P. M. Greenberg

Bottom left: In a maul near the touch-line, P. F. Moorby and W. M. van Zwanenburg try to recover the ball from a Gresham's player

Bottom centre: M. J. Williams (grounded) fails to stop a kick by P. F. Moorby for Felsted.

Bottom right: R. G. Musgrave (right) kicks for the touch-line in spite of a tackle by B. M. Cooper

DISCOVERING MADRID BY SYLVIE NICKELS

344 When you spend much of the year visiting places at the wrong season (" what a pity you weren't here in Spring," " of course, you would find it much less hot/cold/wet in January/July/June "), it makes a pleasant change to coincide with the right one. Thus, last month, two Caravelle-hours from London the airline Iberia landed me punctually and smoothly in Madrid during Spain's most idyllic month. This question of timing is important if you are to make the most of this city where aimless wandering is such a pleasure and purposeful sightseeing holds so many rewards.

Madrid in October was warm, mellow, swarming with activity and busy with tourists —mostly Americans, who seem better than we are at gauging best times for travel. It is a particularly good city to explore alone, even though—or perhaps because—surprisingly little English or French is spoken outside the hotels, and even though the central district, bounded by broad boulevards on the east and the modest River Manzanares on the west, is of labyrinthine complexity. The tourist office has some good general maps with which you can pick your way through the maze, coming now across main squares such as Puerta del Sol (the very heart of Madrid and, indeed, of all Spain), or Plaza Mayor, a wonderfully harmonious piece of the 17th century. Or there are spacious garden squares, such as Plaza de Oriente facing the Royal Palace, or lesser squares such as Plaza de Santa Ana, where children caper far beyond their British bedtimes and the young women of Madrid parade with studied nonchalance.

When walking palls, public transport is cheap. A taxi is unlikely to cost more than 5s and will probably be much less. If you prefer to travel with the people of Madrid, you can go anywhere in the city by the somewhat dingy but swift Metro for one peseta (under 1½d), or by bus or tram for two.

The Plaza de España is another of the city's hubs, built round the monument to Cervantes. In front of him, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza plod eternally astride horse and mule, the upheld lance of Don Quixote defying the skyscrapers which rise behind him. These skyscrapers form Madrid's new silhouette: one 36 floors high, the other 27, containing the Plaza Hotel in one of whose new Spanish apartments I stayed in great comfort. Facilities include a swimming-pool on the 26th floor, a fine bar and restaurant on the 25th, a ground floor snack bar for cheap meals, and the prices, for a first-class hotel, are very reasonable.

The sightseeing highlight of Madrid, of course, is the Prado and this monumental storehouse of art would alone be worth the journey. The secret is to visit it briefly and often for it takes hours to enjoy the paintings of the Spanish school alone, and the Italian and Flemish schools are almost as liberally represented, not to mention much else. The very fame and splendour of the Prado (where, however, the lighting is not always as good as it should be) not surprisingly overshadows other smaller but very fine collections. One of these is the Lázaro Galdiano Museum which includes some really exquisite Limoges and silver work from the 13th century onwards, some early El Grecos and a delightful Impressionist series by Goya. Another impressive collection is at the Royal Academy of San Fernando, including a beautiful series by Zurbarán. The Church of San Francisco el Grande, not far from the Royal Palace, is studded with art; a work of Goya is among it, while his frescoes can be seen in the Hermitage of San Antonio.

The list of galleries, museums, churches is a lengthy one and, as light relief, it is worth visiting the Universal Museum of Drink in the cellar of a bar on the Avenida de José Antonio (popularly known as the Gran Via). Here, 20,000 bottles from all over the world are " filed " in countries—and all of them are full!

But Madrid exists in much more than terms of art and monuments—or even of flamenco dancing and bullfights (if you must see the latter, the smaller bull ring of Vista Alegre in the suburbs is far less patronised by tourists). Its minor details give just as much pleasure: the illustrated street-name signs of old Madrid; the medieval character of the tiny Plaza de la Villa, unexpectedly stumbled upon at night; the Sunday morning stamp exchange under the archways of Plaza Mayor when small boys bargain earnestly with shrewd collectors, and priest rubs shoulders with parishioner over the bright displays ranged on the pavements; the Rastro secondhand market which, especially on Sunday mornings, becomes a mad hurly-burly of humanity cascading down the hill from Plaza de Cascorro to Ronda de Toledo. And then there are the taverns and stalls and pavement cafés where, after 8 p.m., all Madrid it seems is sipping wine and nibbling titbits of fried fish or sausage. The most attractive are in old Madrid where one or two still boast a red-painted door, the original tavern sign.

Quite apart from its own attractions, Madrid is ringed by places of interest and an ideal starting point for exploring central Spain. From here, Iberia's domestic services radiate to the country's four corners. For shorter trips there are rail and/or bus services, or all-in half and full day excursions in every direction. Some of these destinations merit very much more than the time that can be allotted to them on an organised day trip, though it is infinitely better to see them at speed than not at all. Toledo, however, lies only 46 miles south-west of Madrid, is easily reached by rail and far better visited alone. This delightful town on the Tagus which El Greco adopted as his home in the 16th century and which retains so much of his work, has justifiably been declared a national monument. The treasures of the cathedral alone merit a full day, though El Greco's famed " Burial of the Count of Orgaz " is housed in the much more modest Church of Santo Tomé. El Greco's home, though not the original, displays more of his work. There are far better examples of it housed in the Santa Cruz Hospital (now a museum), while just outside the town walls there are five more El Greco paintings in the little-known Hospital of Tavera, a rich and peaceful source of interest.

The perfect walled city of Avila, 70 miles north-west of Madrid; Segovia (60 miles) with its great Roman aqueduct still in use nearby La Granja, a small copy of Versailles, are all worth a leisurely visit but can be combined on a day-trip which also crosses some marvellous mountain country where the small resort of Navacerrada provides Madrid with a popular week-end ski-ing centre in winter. El Escorial —burial place of kings, monastery, palace and church—and the sad and monumental Valley of the Fallen are both visited on another day-trip. ATESA coach tours lasting several days cover all these and other points at considerably less speed and at very reasonable cost.

A week or so in Madrid combines very well indeed with a few days lazing on the coast. Malaga lies an hour and twenty minutes away by Iberia Metropolitan and, with it, the entire Costa del Sol. A later article will cover this much publicised riviera which, with the notable exception of Torremolinos and the tourist developments still mushrooming in its vicinity, retains many a quiet corner.

For further information: Spanish National Tourist Office, 70 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Means of access: London-Madrid by Iberia Spanish Airlines, BEA, etc. from £55 16s tourist return to £75 3s 1st-class return. During the summer (including October) there are considerably lower excursion fares. London-Madrid, by surface travel via the short sea route, from about £27 2nd-class return; from about £39 1st-class return.

Left: In Madrid the Plaza Mayor, with its statue of Philip III, was built in the 17th century
Below: The monument to Cervantes in the Plaza de España, is surrounded by modern buildings
Bottom: The ancient walled city of Avila is within easy reach—only 70 miles from the capital

MEALS AT FRENCH STATIONS

It's quite amazing how many station buffets in France provide meals. There are over 120 of them, each let out to a different concessionnaire, yet the prices charged are much the same, 10 to 12 francs for a four-course meal with a half bottle of wine or beer or mineral water, and 6 or 7 francs for a simple three-course meal, also with a drink. Such facilities are available at places like Avignon, Beauvais, Caen, Le Mans, Chagny, Macon, Pau, Nimes, Perpignan and even Cerbere. One other useful service offered by French Railways is to send, free of charge, messages from one station to another to book tables at any station buffet on their list. Just hand a note in at a stationmaster's office or the inquiry office indicating the time of arrival and the number of places to be reserved, and the buffet at the other end will be advised.

Car sleeper services on the Continent are likely to begin very early next year, possibly in March. In the meantime motorists going across France will have to be content with the only car sleeper service running in winter, which is between Paris and Avignon. This leaves on Saturdays, and from December 26 to February 28 on Thursdays as well. Return journeys are made on Sundays, and from December 27 until February 28 on Fridays too. Cars not exceeding 14 ft. 6 ins. in length cost £17 15s return. Second-class passenger return fares cost £8 10s, with a supplement of £2 16s for a couchette berth both ways, with a supplement for a Wagons-Lits berth of £3 10s each way 2nd class.

Timings are quite attractive for British travellers. The cross-channel ferry leaves Dover at 11 a.m., leaving plenty of time to drive to Paris where cars are accepted at the Gare du Lyon from 4–9 p.m.; the train leaving at 10.15 p.m., arriving at Avignon next morning at 7.25 a.m. In calculating driving time, don't forget there is an hour's difference between French and British clocks in the winter.

A quite revolutionary car ferry, described as a floating motel, will operate between Civita-vecchia, the port of Rome, and Cyprus and Israel from April next year. The 7,000 ton m.v. *Billu* will call at Limassol, Cyprus, on every third trip, otherwise it will go direct to Haifa. An average return fare for a car alone will be £30.

Visitors to Germany should note that if they are holders of a British passport issued in a British colony, protectorate or trust territory, an entry visa is now required. This regulation also applies to individuals whose passports were issued in newly independent British colonies.

Union Castle have just announced a 33⅓ per cent. reduction on 1st-class return fares on sailings from the United Kingdom between March 12 and June 25, returning from Cape Town between May 8 and August 21. This will allow a stay in South Africa of up to 43 days with a minimum return fare of £209. In the tourist class, fares between December 3-17 will be reduced by 20 per cent. provided the return journey is made between December 25 and January 8. The return fare to Cape Town for this period will be from £152. These encouraging reductions will bring a holiday in South Africa within the means of many more people. **W.D.C.C.**

WRITERS AND THEIR TIMES

346 **The Age of Illusion** by Ronald Blythe: Hamish Hamilton. 25s, is a study which might more appropriately be called a review of England in the '20's and '30's. The author was a child in the period of which he writes but this has not been a handicap in his reconstruction of the country in its political aspects, the state of its sport with special reference to cricket, its crime record and its gradual adjustment to the threat of total war. Mr Blythe has written about such national figures as Amy Johnson, Jix, the Prince of Wales, the night-club queen Mrs Meyrick and Oswald Mosley, and his book is as lively as it is comprehensive.

The Wild Garden by Angus Wilson: Secker and Warburg. 16s, has been based on lectures which the author gave just three years ago at a Californian university. His purpose was to discuss first the relationship between fact and fiction and also the relationship between the facts of his own life and the fiction that he wrote. Later he discusses methods and discipline and finally suggests some of the reasons why novelists should feel an urge to reshape their own experience in fictional forms. Personal, intelligent and, above all, most readable.

Writers at Work introduced by Van Wyck Brooks: Secker and Warburg. 30s, is a contemporary anthology of interviews first published in the *Paris Review* and is, I would say, an invaluable way of getting to know some of the most distinguished authors of our own days. Some of them like Hemingway now belong to literary history; some of them, like Mary McCarthy and Aldous Huxley, very much of the present. The interview with Boris Pasternak was a considerable scoop and in each case there are prefatory descriptive notes about the authors' homes and own appearances. I rather enjoyed the idea of Lawrence Durrell looking like Laurence Olivier in repose and at other times like a professional wrestler. Recommended to everyone who has an interest in writers as well as in their books.

Encore edited by Leonard Russell: Michael Joseph. 25s, is a second year's edition of the *Sunday Times* book: a collection of short stories, essays and criticism all of which first appeared in the newspaper. The contributors make a brilliant list, so varied that it practically attains the "You Name Him We Have Him" standard. Just a few as examples are Ian Fleming on golf, Cyril Connolly on Lemurs, J. B. Priestley on the road to Samarkand and Raymond Chandler on Raymond Chandler. There is news of scandals, cultural inquiries and even some good recipes. Altogether splendid value, and with the book are included prints of Goya and Stubbs paintings.

The Ritz by Stephen Watts: Bodley Head. 25s, is the story of the most famous hotel in the world founded by a man called Cezar Ritz in Paris just over 60 years ago; neither the biggest nor the oldest nor the most expensive hotel on record; but to many thousands of travellers, the best. Mr Watts has not elected to write either a full biography of Ritz himself or a history of the hotel, but a very detailed portrait of the place as it can be enjoyed now and as it came to measure up to the standards set by its founder.

Forgeries, Fakes and Reproductions by George Savage: Barrie and Rockliff. 45s, is a fascinating handbook for the collector and a cautionary document for those who invest impressive sums in painting, sculpture or *objets d'art*. Mr Savage discusses the cases of Van Meegeren whose fake Vermeers fooled many experts, Malskat whose forgeries included paintings as well as frescoes, and Dossena whose speciality was 13th century sculpture.

Let's Keep Religion Out Of This by Alan Hackney: Gollancz. 16s, tells the story of a clergyman who, after a revelation, begins to preach the factual truths of the Gospels. This could make the man a saint but in Mr Hackney's novel it lands him in a mass of everyday trouble involving nuclear disarmers, his Bishop, a particularly unsavoury tramp and a lady of the streets. All ends fairly well with the parson being created the first Bishop of Outer Space and taking off in a rocket for his new see. Much hilarious stuff here and some sound sense.

Brightness by Elizabeth Jenkins: Gollancz. 18s, has a pleasant readability that for a while conceals the fact that what Miss Jenkins has been doing is giving us a lecture. The title is, as far as I can see, an inscrutable choice. The plot is concerned with two families in a town near London, one of them rich, materialistic with an over-indulged only son; the other consisting of a widow lady and her only son, both of them making the frugal best of poor circumstances and thinking perpetually high thoughts. But, as I say, it is very readable.

The Group by Mary McCarthy: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s, deals with eight young American women, friends at Vassar, and what befalls them when they come out into the world—it is the age of Roosevelt and the New Deal—and attempt to put their versions of Progress into effect. They marry, have lovers, are seduced, comp[illegible] not with their situation and have one thing clearly in common, that they will not live in a way that resembles their mothers'. Brilliant witty, clinically exact and the best no[illegible] Miss McCarthy has given us.

The Gift by Vladimir Nabokov: W[illegible]eld and Nicolson. 25s, was first written some years ago and was the last of the author's novels to be

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Hill Towns of Italy by Lilian Notestein: Hutchinson. 30s.
On To Andorra by Youngman Carter: Hamish Hamilton. 25s.
Spain: A Personal Anthology by Thomas Hinde: Newnes. 30s.
Song of Wild Laughter by Jack Couffer: Constable. 25s.
I Went to the Woods by Ronald Austing: Hutchinson. 30s.
The Cat Owner's Encyclopaedia by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald: Pelham Books. 21s.
The Rose Anthology compiled by H. L. V. Fletcher: Newnes. 30s.
Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable: Cassell. 42s.

Lucy. Lilian Notestein, daughter of a Latin professor, was taken from her native Ohio to Italy at the age of 15. From that day to this she has been fascinated by Italy's little hill towns built a thousand and more years ago by men and women determined to protect their heritage against the marauders who penetrated the valleys. *Hill Towns of Italy* represents indeed one person's voyage of discovery. Following a winding valley almost anywhere in central or southern Italy the traveller looks up on either side at every turn to the tops of hills crowned with villages, grey villages sometimes and sometimes brown, of stone usually, of brick occasionally, with towers and often a dome cutting the skyline. During her many visits to these towns so apparently the same, Lilian Notestein has invariably found something different to make the trip additionally worthwhile. To her Italy is inexhaustible. From Tuscany and Umbria, where Romans, Goths and Lombards swept past in fierce array, to Sicily, where one looks across from the hilltops to the seas once traversed by the mariners of Carthage, she takes us on a journey of beauty and enchantment.

The mountains will outlast the casual crop of fungus growing down below them, declares Youngman Carter, in his chapter on Andorra, the goal of his journey after traversing the length of France from Calais to the Pyrenees. *On To Andorra* contains very little about this mountain state whose natural beauties are being assaulted in the narrow valleys by the antics of the jerry-builder and the commercialisers. Rather is Mr Carter content to take us with him on his leisurely journey through such places as Les Andelys, "so full of sketchbook pleasures for the artist," Tours, Loudon and Parthenay in the idyllic country of the Loire and the Quercy; Rochefort and Royan down by the Atlantic coast; Albi, the Auvergne and Le Puy; and finally the Stevenson country in the Cévennes. This travelogue will be a real joy for those who love France well, and Mr Carter's drawings elegantly match his text.

And now let us get over the hump of the Pyrenees, Andorra and its unattractive tourist trade, and into the heart of Spain. Thomas Hinde, drawing on his extensive and perceptive experiences of Spain, drawing also upon the literature about Spain that has attracted his notice, has produced a delightful personal anthology of that not easily explicable land. Work, love, war, song and dance, sport, religion, the fiesta, eating, drinking and home life all have their part in this lively collection of relevant prose and poetry. Even quotations from Baedeker guide books of earlier days enliven the picture, and from Borrow to Hemingway there are pertinent quotations, some of them, of course, controversial and at variance, not least those regarding the bullfight.

Jack Couffer, director and cameraman for the Walt Disney Wild Life productions, has spent much of his life working with animals. In *Song of Wild Laughter* he sets down the highlights of his experience. Ronald Austing, a Park Ranger and Nature Warden in Ohio, has made himself an authority on hawks and owls, and photographing

written in Russian. Now, 26 years later, it appears for the first time in English and will possibly be acclaimed as the author's finest work. Although the translation by Michael Scammell and the author is flawless the book remains essentially Russian in mood and in tone and would, I imagine, bring far greater satisfaction to someone who could read this story of Berlin between the wars in the original.

The Quiet Fear by John Creasey: Hodder and Stoughton. 13s 6d, is the latest from this prolific, many-named thriller writer and is concerned with the drama in a hitherto united family of suspecting that the father may be a murderer. Written under his alias of Michael Halliday, this is a sturdy piece of plot-making and mystification. **Vernon Fane**

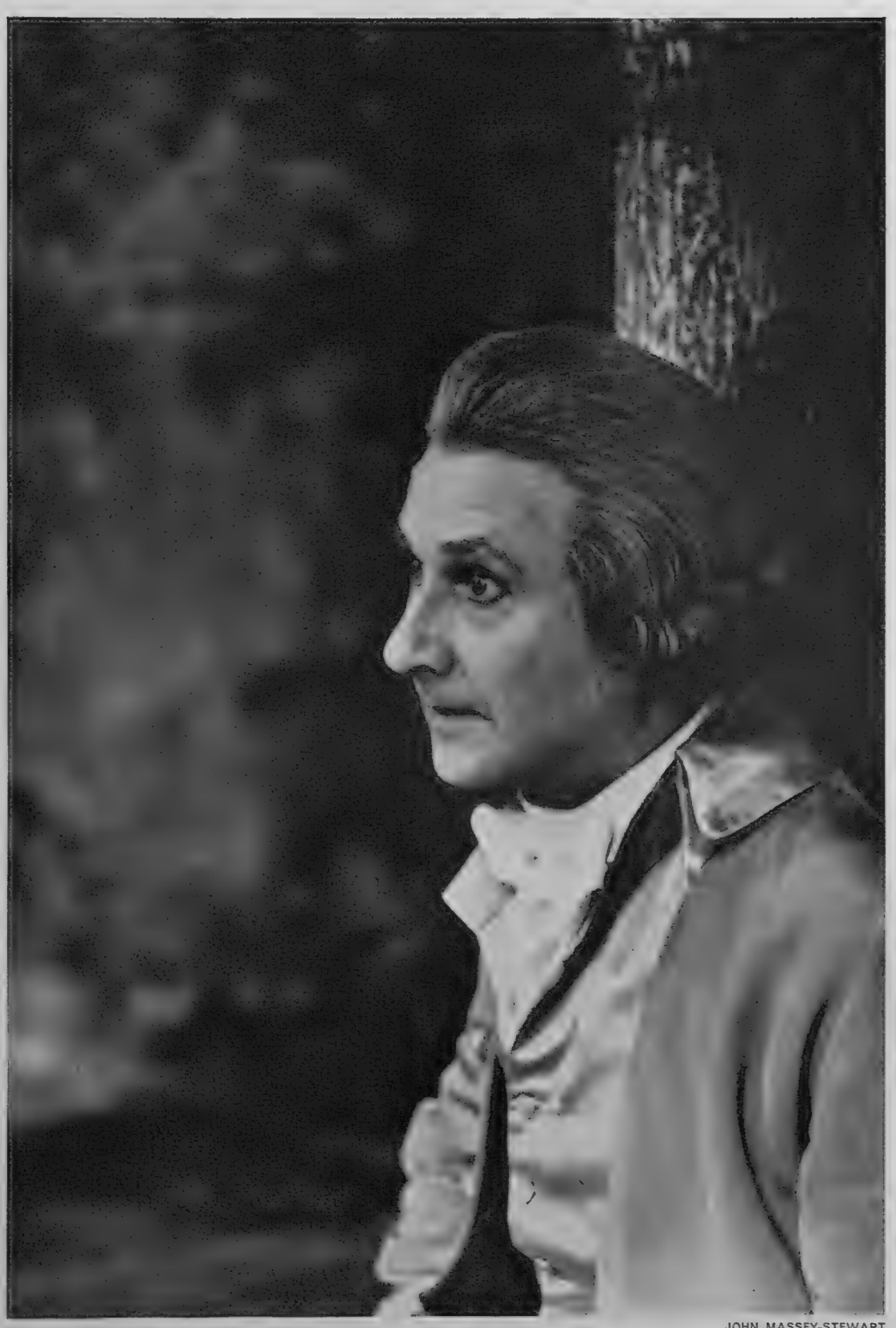
Napoleon by Felix Markham: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s. To anyone unacquainted with the full range of literature concerning Napoleon this new volume is a model of compression and clarity and a wonderful guide through the Napoleonic Bodleian. The new light he offers is largely derived from Marie-Louise's letters and the diary of one more St. Helena observer. I don't know that the latter document revises Rosebery's *Napoleon: The Last Phase*, or that Marie-Louise's letters add very much to human knowledge of the man Napoleon. But Mr Markham has given the aspiring student of history a most attractively illustrated and admirably written biography of one of the world's greatest soldiers and administrators, in which the virtues of relevance, compression and lucidity are outstanding, if perhaps his strict principles break down at St. Helena with the pert Balcombe teenage girls. He deals with Waterloo and the major battles in stricter proportion. Once again, Mr Markham has "compressed the career of Napoleon into 175 pages; no light task." Is there more to do? **John Gore**

them has been his pleasure. *I Went to the Woods* is a quotation from a famous chapter in Thoreau, beginning, "I went to the woods because I wished to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could learn what it could teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." This is Ronald Austing's philosophy also.

Turning for a moment to the domestic scene Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's *The Cat Owner's Encyclopaedia* contains a wealth of information, and it is not all to do with pedigree cats and their care. The author is the owner of a couple of cats of very mixed parentage, and he has much to say about them, even their disconcerting habit of outstaring man when they feel so inclined, which is often.

The Rose Anthology compiled by H. L. V. Fletcher, with drawings by William McLaren, is a selection in prose and verse of many of the glorious things that have been said and written about "the flower of all the world."

For nearly a century *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* has held a unique place among reference books. This revised edition contains all the entries of the past, and not a few that are startlingly new. **Richard Edmonds**



JOHN MASSEY-STEWART

POOR BITOS *at the New Arts*

DONALD PLEASANCE (above) plays the title role in Anouilh's bitter political play which received a great deal of acclaim when it opened recently. The advent of this drama, full of the coruscating moments typical of this French dramatist's work, is worth recording; it has taken a number of years for the play to cross the Channel from Paris. Anouilh employs one of his favourite devices, the play within the play—a number of people gather for a party, dressed in the guise of figures from the French Revolution. They, the rich, combine to ruin the figure who has climbed to a position of social responsibility. This is Bitos. He appears at the party in the role of Robespierre, the finally devastated symbol of cold incorruptible justice. The production is directed by Shirley Butler.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **FRANK T. SOBEY, O.B.E., M.C.**

At the beginning of this year, Mr Sobey was elected Chairman of the Wool Textile Delegation, the wool industry's central organisation based in Bradford which represents the interests of the United Kingdom industry in all commercial and industrial matters. It speaks on behalf of more than 1,500 firms in Yorkshire, Scotland, the West of England, and other areas. In this key position Mr Sobey follows a line of distinguished leaders who devoted themselves to maintaining the high prestige enjoyed by the British wool textile industry and its products all over the world. Mr Sobey, seen above standing by a creel at his mill at Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, is Chairman and Joint Managing Director of E. Wadsworth and Sons Ltd., a worsted spinning firm in the group of companies in the West Riding Worsted and Woollen Mills Ltd., of which he is also a director. The eldest of three brothers, he was educated at Mill Hill School, London. In the latter part of the 1914-18 war he served on the Western Front. Afterwards, in 1920, Mr Sobey joined the family business at Cleckheaton. He has since then been an active director—apart from the years 1939-45, when he re-joined the army upon the outbreak of war, serving in the Royal Artillery in various stations at home and with the 1st Army in North Africa and subsequently in Sicily and Italy. Mr Sobey was one of the founders of the Cleckheaton Rugby Union Football Club, for which he played in his younger days. He is now its President. He has been for some time a governor of the Whitcliffe Mount Grammar School. He is a past-president of the Spen Valley Chamber of Commerce, and has served many other organisations in the locality. In the wool industry he has held several important offices, having been the President of the Worsted Spinners' Federation, and for the last seven years, Chairman of the Industry's Recruitment, Education and Training Department, a body which was established to provide expert advice and experienced knowledge on the training of personnel at all levels from operative grades to management. Mr Sobey is married, has one son and three daughters, of whom two are married, and lives within a short distance of his mill in Cleckheaton

FILM INDUSTRY CRISIS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Complaints about the precarious financial position of British film production; fears that tendencies to monopoly in the structure of the cinema trade are limiting the opportunities for independent cinemas to get enough good films and for good British films to get enough showings; the closing down of studios, and the probability of further redundancy among film workers—these are the latest worries of the British film business. They also happen to have been its main worries at almost any time in the last 20 years. So without any wish to minimise the difficulties that beset this industry at present, it is hard for any outside observer looking at its problems to avoid the feeling that we have all been here before—and a sight too long.

Three months ago a sub-committee of the Cinematograph Films Council, a trade-plus-independent-members body that has helped explain the problems of this industry to the Government for many years, produced a report that has heightened controversy in the trade. It supported renewed efforts to establish a "third release" circuit in addition to the Rank and Associated British cinema chains. It suggested the organisation of "booking groups" by independent cinemas at present unable to compete with the bargaining power the chains wield in securing the pick of the films on offer. It proposed changes in the administration of agreements by which films shown in one cinema in an area may be "barred" from others nearby. The ordinary occasional cinemagoer may not recognise this problem. To most of us in and around London, for example, the problem is often to find a local cinema showing anything different from the standard programmes offered by the two big cinema chains. But "barring" does exist, and can further complicate life for the independet cinema owner.

These complaints about the structure of the industry—which do not differ very much in principle from those that this same Council was setting up committees to investigate in the closing months of 1943—did not come mainly, however, from independent cinema owners. The strongest agitation has come, as usual in the history of this industry, from the production side. Film producers and film technicians, deeply worried about the decline in demand for what they make, feel that the reason lies partly in the structure of the trade that shows it to the final paying customer.

Twenty years ago it was possible for people in this industry to think that all the fault lay with the structure of it (or with the Government). They are wiser now in apportioning the blame. Between then and now lies an unhappy period of decline in demand for visual entertainment in cinemas, first from the artificial boom of wartime when this was the only form of public entertainment available, and later with the mass shift towards television. In 1946 something over 30 million people a week went to the cinema in Britain; today the figure is about 8 million. One cannot explain away that kind of drop by saying that it is simply a matter of organisation, the fault of some other people in the trade. It is a basic shift in public attitudes towards viewing.

It would be unfair to suggest that the industry had not adapted itself to this decline: it has had to. Many cinemas have closed; at present fewer than 3,000 are operating, against 5,000 in 1948. The big chains have diversified their interests, into their direct competitor commercial television and into many other fields, from ten-pin bowling to high-precision electronic engineering. The number of companies and people employed in film production has dropped—though by working partly for television, these too have been able to spread their interests (the total market for processed visual entertainment is perhaps larger than it ever was). There has been quite a radical change in the nature of their product: British films have become as adult as any in the world, even if producers sometimes seem to measure this quality simply by the ability to secure an "X" certificate.

There has been, moreover, quite as considerable a drop in the amount of foreign films competing for British screens. Hollywood produced nearly 500 feature films in 1952; last year its distributors had only about 200 for release, of which more than 50 were not American films. The opportunities for a good British or European film to earn big proceeds in the United States market are perhaps greater, at least relatively, than ever before, even though the absolute size of the market there has shrunk too. This is one reason why the unhappy British film producers can at least claim that their productions nowadays have quite respectable export earnings—some £10-£15 million a year.

Nevertheless, American movies still make up a large proportion of the total features shown by British cinemas; and being made for a larger market, most still have much more money spent on them than the comparable film made here. There is more scope for originality and the unconventional subject in the British cinema than ever before; the independent producer can thank television for much of that shift in taste. Nevertheless, television has also forced the cinema chains to play it safe by putting the main accent on the large-scale productions that television simply cannot match; so the unconventional subject nowadays needs to be put on in a big and expensive way like, say, *Tom Jones*. It is certainly no easier for the talented director to get a good film made on a shoe-string into the main cinema circuits—and without main circuit booking no feature film made in Britain can recover its costs. The chains have become more open-minded in their booking policy; but they still put the emphasis on lavish "production values" and big screen spectacle.

One result of this is that there are few independent groups that can command the finance for filming that the chains believe necessary—some £250,000-£400,000 a picture. Nor do the resources of the state "film bank," the National Film Finance Corporation, stretch to financing as many films of this cost level as their funds could a few years ago. This doesn't mean that the films don't get made. They do: not as many of them as the producers and technicians would like, but still rather more than the cinema chains are prepared to give a booking. Some 60-70 feature films a year are still being made in Britain; the two circuits say that there is a market for only about 40. The independent producers retort that the chains are too tied up with American distributors, and that when selecting British films they favour too much those productions in which they have a financial interest themselves. One important independent producing company, with many big successes to its name, is now complaining that it has about ten completed or nearly completed films on the shelf awaiting release, with only two of them yet promised a definite release date, next year.

The remedy producers propose is to increase the quota, the proportion of British films that by law every British cinema must show during the year. The circuits reply that they already exceed the quota themselves, and that to push this minimum figure up would mean showing more mediocre films, with worse financial results for everybody. Film producers in Britain are used to a somewhat protected existence; as for exhibitors, though greater concentration of ownership is inevitable for an industry in as severe and steady a decline as this one, its effects, in decline, hurt the independent operator more. Whether there is any more certain answer to the film industry's complaints and problems today than there was 20 years ago—and whether the Government can supply it—seems doubtful. Until the market levels out it is difficult to believe that any rearrangement will help much.

Just off the assembly line at Scammell's Watford factory is the prototype Scammell Contractor. This is the first of a range of fast, heavy haulage vehicles designed for home and overseas markets. The vehicles will have speeds of up to 50-60 m.p.h. and will carry payloads up to approximately 50 tons

VERSATILE INDUSTRY

By **J. I. Blackburn,** *Secretary of the Wool textile Delegation*

350 What is long-established is often taken for granted. The familiar story of the Lord Chancellor's Woolsack has perhaps been of disservice to the wool textile industry by casting around it an aura of antiquity which is not easy to dispel. Another general misconception is that the wool industry is part of a British industry described vaguely as "textiles" which plays a rapidly declining part in the national economy and that it is located in a depressed area somewhere in the North of England. Some economists and even Government spokesmen are prone to overlook long-established industries and to argue that our economic future lies solely with the newer industries.

Nothing, in fact, could be farther from the truth. The wool textile industry, with a labour force of 180,000 and total annual sales of £550-£600 million, is a distinct and separate branch of the textile industry and its products will always be in demand. It has made in the past, and continues to make, a substantial contribution to the nation's welfare, comfort and prosperity. Its basic raw material is drawn almost entirely from sterling sources, so that its wool processors help also to promote the prosperity and interdependence of the Commonwealth and the sterling areas as a whole while making little demand on the national requirements for scarce foreign currencies. Besides clothing the home population, the industry exports about 25 per cent. of its total production and ranks sixth in the list of British exporting industries. Despite the UK's failure to secure entry into the Common Market (with consequent growing tariff discrimination against our products) wool textile exports to this area and also to the countries of the European Free Trade Association continue to expand.

At home, a comprehensive range of common services has been provided. The industry took the initiative in securing the introduction in 1950 of arrangements for statutory levies for scientific research and export promotion whereby these important services are adequately financed and administered by the industry.

Its Research Association at Leeds, established in 1918 on a basis of voluntary contributions, is one of the finest and best-equipped in the world and the industry also draws on the work carried out in the Textile Departments of Leeds University, the Bradford Institute of Technology and other Technical Colleges in the country. Many important developments proceeding from co-operative research and also from the inventiveness of private individuals in the trade, such as the Ambler Superdraft and the Raper Autoleveller, are world-renowned.

On the home front a hard-hitting sales promotion campaign for wool and the products of the wool industry has recently been launched with funds contributed equally by voluntary contributions from firms in all sections of the industry and by the International Wool Secretariat. The theme of the campaign is simple but telling: " British wool cloth is the best in the world."

The excellence of the UK industry's products is, indeed, known and admired all over the world. A recent report of the Economist Intelligence Unit on Japan stated " A cloth which sells at £2 per yard f.o.b. UK port may ultimately be sold by a (Japanese) tailor at about £7 per yard." How is this possible in a low-cost producing country like Japan with a well-established wool textile industry of its own? An FBI report on the Japanese Economy in 1962 supplied the answer. " The demand for such goods is strongly affected by 'taste' and social prestige and is largely limited to the upper income groups."

This picture shows the scale of operations in the carding shed in one of the world's largest worsted spinning mil 'Carding' is the process of removing impurities from the wool and opening up its fibres for further processi

The aim of the home promotion campaign is to stimulate a like awareness on the part of the UK consumer of the virtues of the industry's products and of its basic raw material. In value for money there is nothing to touch clothing, the price of which has remained remarkably stable over the past ten years, by contrast with the steep rise in prices of other basic necessities of life. Taking 1952 as 100, housing prices in 1962 were 166, fuel and light 152, food 132 and clothing 111. (National Blue Book on Income and Expenditure.)

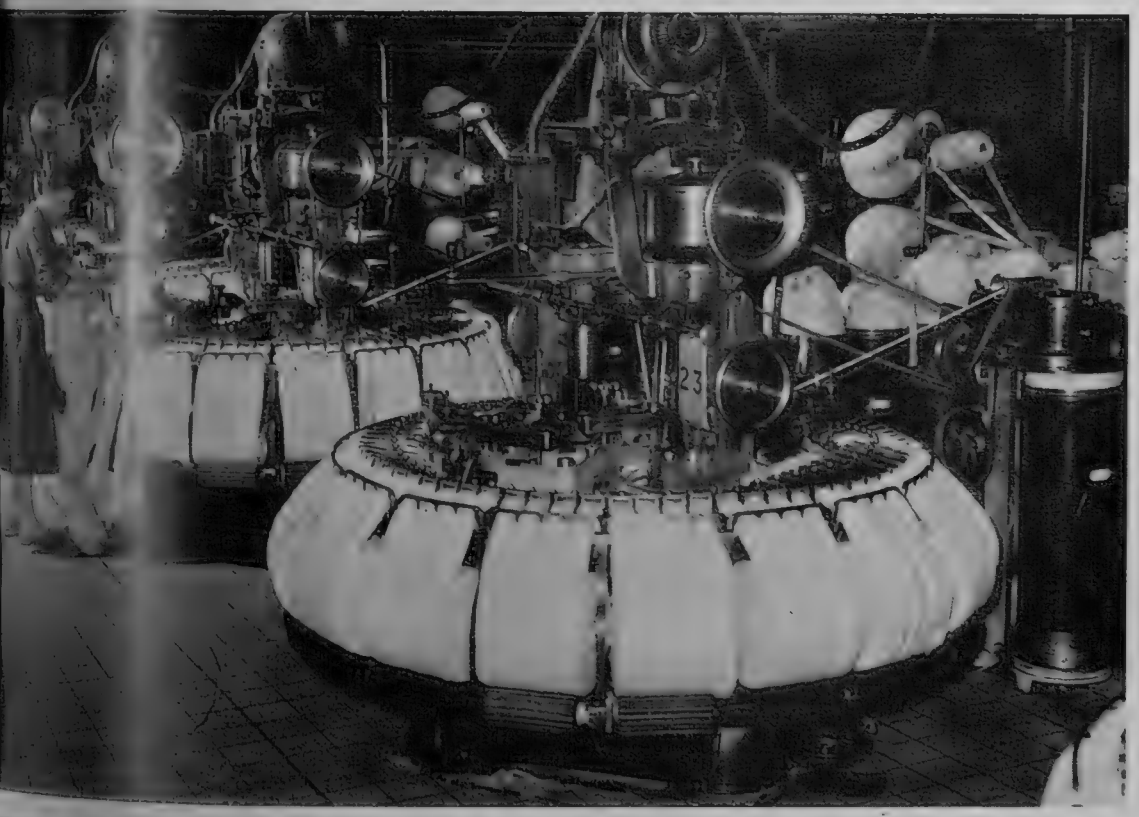
The industry runs its own Work Study Centre in Bradford, which is entirely self-supporting and provides training at cost price to member-firms in the most modern techniques of time and motion study, with follow-up and refresher courses. The Recruitment, Education and Training Department offers training schemes and courses at all levels from operative grades to management. A Bureau of Statistics, also administered by the industry, issues monthly statistical reports compiled from returns supplied by firms on an entirely voluntary basis, the coverage being so complete that the highest degree of estimation required in any section is 3-4 per cent.

The common services briefly outlined above have been provided and are administered by the industry for the benefit of member-firms, without the intervention of Government agencies. Now that a greater degree of Governmental planning has been injected into the economy with the setting up of the National Economic Development Council, the industry's organisations are working in close co-operation with the Council in the setting up of an Economic Development Committee representative of employers, trade unions and other interests concerned. The wool industry was, in fact, one of the first group of 17 selected by NEDC for examination with a view to assessing their present and future performance in the context of the projected annual growth rate of 4 per cent. for the economy as a whole. While the industry adheres resolutely to the free enterprise mechanism and to the maintenance of industry services on an independent and voluntary basis, it has always had very close relations with Government departments and welcomed the opportunity of collaborating with NEDC in the preparation of economic data on which forward projections are based and in the identification and removal, where possible, of obstacles to sound growth.

The central organisations of the industry are the Wool Textile Delegation, which deals with commercial and industrial matters so far as the home market and relations with the Government are concerned, the Wool (and Allied) Textile Employers' Council, which negotiates wages and conditions of employment with the trade unions, (with such success that no major trade dispute has occurred for 30 years) and the National Wool Textile Export Corporation, which promotes the industry's export trade and acts on its behalf in tariff inquiries, trade marks and allied subjects.

For many years the British wool textile industry has been the world's largest exporter of wool products, accounting for roughly one-third by value of total world trade in woollen and worsted cloth. No other major industry in this country can claim comparable superiority in its own field. Moreover, this steady export performance, which over the last ten years has earned an aggregate of nearly £1,600 million in foreign exchange, has been maintained in the face of strong and ever-increasing competition from the highly developed industries of Western Europe and Japan, and despite high tariff barriers in many important overseas markets, notably the United States.

Large areas of the world deny access to our exports because they are seeking to build up their own wool textile industries. The outstanding examples are South America, China, the Middle East, the Soviet Union and other Communist countries. While they may have satisfied their needs in other branches *(continued on page 352)*



Top left: One of the devices that has helped the woollen industry to produce a yarn of standard strength is "The Autocount" invented by the Wool Industries Research Association. The device, seen in this picture taken in a woollen carding section, is able to measure the thickness of the delicate fibre of carded wool

Above left: Circular machines comb the wool prior to spinning, to remove short fibres and enable a fine, smooth yarn to be produced

Left: Highly mechanised operations are essential to the production in quantity of woollen cloth in a large number of designs. Here an operator punches out a design plan for a Saucer loom to weave to

Top right: A line of teazle gigs in operation. Cloth is rolled lightly over the surface of teazles (dried prickly seed pods) fixed to large cylinders in order to raise pile

Above right: The spinning of yarn performed on machines of the kind shown here, is composed of three distinct operations: drawing of the roving (or thick ropes of carded wool) to the required weight; twisting done by a revolving spindle; and the winding of the twisted yarn on to a bobbin. These operations may be performed by one or three separate machines

VERSATILE INDUSTRY *continued from page 350*

Above: In traditional style two tailors sit cross-legged at their work in C. and M. Sumrie's workshops in Leeds
Above right: Careful cutting of fine cloth is essential for well-produced garments. Here, at Maenson's workshops, cloth and linings are cut to paper patterns

of textile manufacture,they certainly do not provide their people with the kind of wool textiles which Britain can offer. Striking evidence of this was seen at the British Trade Fair in Moscow in 1961, when the Russian public besieged our wool textile exhibit to admire and handle the large display of fine suitings, knitting wool, and colourful cloths for women's wear.

A striking feature of the industry and one of its chief sources of competitive strength, both in the home and export markets, is its versatility. Great importance is attached to design and many of the larger firms produce 8,000–10,000 different designs and colours of cloth in a variety of qualities every year. British wool cloth designers won 24 gold medals at the International Textile Exposition at Sacramento, USA, both in 1962 and 1963, more than twice as many as were awarded to any other country.

To ensure that Britain retains her place in world trade, it is urged that we should concentrate our productive resources on "complicated, sophisticated, specialised goods—not just the things which are relatively simple to make, but the difficult things which need great precision and high skill." This was a definition given by Mr Macmillan himself, and it would no doubt mean for most people products like jet aircraft, scientific instruments and machine tools. It can fairly be claimed that British wool yarns and fabrics come into the same category and, indeed, more than one Government spokesman has endorsed this view. Specialisation has been essential to the success of the industry in catering for as many as 160 overseas markets, with widely differing climates, standards of living and tastes in fashion and apparel.

In the post-war period the mills of Yorkshire, Scotland and the West of England have undergone a transformation. Outwardly, many may appear the same, but inside great changes have taken place as the result of new machinery and quality control equipment and the introduction of new training methods and work study techniques. The industry is as alert as ever to its opportunities and, given reasonable access to foreign markets, it will maintain its position as a pace-setter in world trade.

Right: In Crewe, Chester Barrie run special training courses in tailoring for junior employees
Below: In making a suit, no machine can achieve what the hand can do. A Horne's cutter works on cloth for a pair of trousers
Bottom: An operator attaches collars to woollen shirts at Braemar Knitwear's workshops. The shirts are knitted on a machine, but the collars are attached by hand

Left: At the Dalston workshops of Moss Bros. tailors work on clothes
Below: Steam pressing of clothes at S. Simpson

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

It will be impossible to calculate accurately the financial benefits that National Productivity Year has brought to the Joseph Lucas organisation, whose chairman and managing director, Sir Bertram Waring, has long been an enthusiastic advocate of higher productivity in the interests of everyone who works in industry, at whatever level. But if anyone were attempting to draw up a balance sheet, he would have to enter on the debit side an item of more than £400,000—the cost of NPY in awards to employees.

Most of this is made up of a £5 award to every single one of the more than 50,000 employees of the Lucas organisation. Announcing the award, Sir Bertram told the Lucas Central Joint Production Committee, where representatives had met from factories in all parts of the country, that employees' efforts had made a major contribution to increased productivity in factories, offices and service departments, and although one local union official castigated the award as "mean," Lucas workers were not slow to publicise their appreciation.

But in addition to thus spending about £250,000, the company has this year paid out more than £100,000 for 100,000 suggestions; with the tax on the NPY gift, this will take the cost well over the £400,000 mark. The growth of the suggestions scheme has been especially interesting. In 1946 there were 50. Last year there were 36,000—but throughout this time the proportion of sound, usable ones has remained constant at about one-third. A just reward for the prodigious amount of work that Lucas's and their workers have put into raising productivity.

Off-peak tax concessions

Productivity must follow demand, of course, and a Lucas product has recently helped to give an excellent example of the way development can be stultified when purchase tax curbs demands significantly. Belated Government efforts to minimise voltage reductions and power cuts by selling more off-peak electricity, especially to householders, have taken the form of removing this tax from storage heaters. The effect has been as stimulating as last year's reduction in purchase tax on motor cars.

At the Lucas Industrial Equipment division at Burnley, a 12 kW block storage heater has been developed, one prototype of which spent seven months of last winter at an electricity board establishment, heating 1,700 square feet for less than £1 a week by ducted warm air. The tax cut, though welcome, could have been more opportune—it could have come much earlier.

Steel furnace rekindled

Brighter iron and steel prospects are bringing into use again much Midlands capacity that has been under-employed or idle for many months. For example, at Stewarts and Lloyds' Stanton works, near Nottingham, Stanton and Staveley has recently relighted No. 1 furnace, out of use since the beginning of the year. It was a charming thought to ask Miss Jacqueline Williamson, the 13-year-old daughter of the superintendent of ironmaking, to perform this ceremony in a traditionally all-male field. A pointer for the future, perhaps? Much of the increased demand, incidentally, is from steelworks, pipe plants and foundries within the Group.

Pottery design awards

Ridgway Potteries of Stoke-on-Trent, a member of the Lawley Group, has achieved the unusual distinction of having won through its designers two of the three scholarships awarded annually by the design scholarships committee of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation. Each is worth £200, and provides foreign travel to study design, art and architecture. The successful Ridgway designers are Mr A. J. Heritage and Mr C. Nunn; the third scholarship went to Mr T. Brown, a student at the School of Ceramics, Royal College of Art, London.

Motion study

Many Midlands industrialists have shown an interest in a new development of work study pioneered by Associated Industrial Consultants, Ltd. Called "predetermined motion time," or PMT, it is based on the idea of emphasising improved method rather than the stop-watch in finding the best way to do a job. Any movement of hand, foot or body is given a specified time, which is recorded in a concise set of tables. In approaching a new job, the motion and time expert—note the deliberate order of the words—can think out new ways of doing it *before* consulting his tables for a time. (He can also cut his own time in assessing an operation by about half.)

AIC claim that much of the friction caused between management and workers by using normal stop-watch methods of timing is being cut out by PMT. Although the system was first introduced in 1948, it has long been considered uneconomic for work cycles lasting more than one minute; now, however, even long and complex working operations can be tackled.

At the first annual dinner and prize-giving held by the Walsall Engineering Training and Apprenticeship Committee, Michael Collins receives a trophy from the Chairman of the Committee, Mr Frederick Faerber, Managing Director of T. Partridge and Co. Watching the presentation is Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese

TEXTILE MERGERS

by The Sphere City Correspondent

354 Over the past six months the textile industry in Lancashire and Leicestershire has undergone a dose of " rationalisation " unprecedented even in its long history of mergers and amalgamations. Since May of this year Courtaulds, Britain's biggest manufacturer of artificial fibres, has spent or offered over £20 million on eight separate deals in the textile industry, while during the same period Imperial Chemical Industries, Britain's biggest chemical manufacturer, has also spent £20 million on three separate deals.

ICI's first deal was in fact conducted jointly with Courtaulds and involved a loan of £5 million to English Sewing Cotton which then used the funds and its own shares to make a bid for Tootal, cotton spinners and manufacturers with large interests in brand-name men's wear. ICI's second deal, earlier this month, also involved a loan—this time of £13 million, partly in cash, partly through an equity share stake—in Viyella International, a relatively small spinning and manufacturing group which for two years has been vigorously reorganising under its new and lively young chairman Mr Joe Hyman. Within ten days, Mr Hyman had used most of the loan to make a cash bid for British Van Heusen, which is usefully complementary to Viyella, having among its brand-names " Aertex " and " Vantella." Meanwhile, ICI had also put up nearly £1 million to buy about 9 per cent. of the ordinary shares of Carrington and Dewhurst, an old-established company that has recently specialised in rayon cloth and bulked yarns.

If ICI has been active, it has been surpassed in energy by its colleague and competitor Courtaulds. After putting up its £5 million towards the English Sewing Cotton bid for Tootals last May, Courtaulds followed up with a £2¼ million bid that month for Foister Clay and Ward, a hosiery and underwear firm (making " Peggy's Pride," " Top 600," etc.). In June, the group spent £1¾ million bidding for Bairns-Wear, makers of children's clothes and knitted garments and yarns, and then put up £750,000 for a 9 per cent. stake in Carrington and Dewhurst (the same as the ICI interest).

After a pause during the holiday period, Courtaulds has been back to the fray with a vengeance. In October it spent about £250,000 acquiring control of Morton Sundour Fabrics, a small dyer, bleacher and finisher in which it already had an interest. Then three weeks later it offered £2¼ million for Susan Small, manufacturers of ladies' day and evening wear. This month it has bid £5¼ million for James Nelson, the only sizeable remaining spinners of rayon in the country, and now £3¾ million for Meridian, makers of men's and women's knitted goods (" Meridian," " Maid Marian," etc.). Seldom can a British company have gone about a planned reorganisation of an industry so thoroughly.

The reason for these moves of both ICI and Courtaulds can almost certainly be summed up in the fashionable phrase " vertical integration." The chairman of ICI has long championed the cause of vertical integration, and indeed it was the main reason for his unsuccessful bid two years ago for Courtaulds itself, which was aimed to secure closer co-operation in a wide field of petro-chemical products from paint to artificial fibres. Now, however, even though they are separate companies, ICI and Courtaulds are going about the same objective.

Their common interest, after all, is the prosperity of British Nylon Spinners, in which both ICI and Courtaulds hold 50 per cent. BNS broadly draws its chemical requirements from ICI and sells much of its nylon to Courtaulds for processing. Clearly both ICI and Courtaulds are concerned to ensure outlets for artificial fibres and this in turn means making the British textile industry viable. For though Courtaulds' artificial fibres are booming at present (they are the only sector of the textile industry to be well ahead of last year), there is already a threat of real competition when the Dutch-owned British Enkalon gets into its stride in Northern Ireland and if Du Pont of America steps up sales. At the same time, export markets for textiles that use artificial fibres will become more competitive as the vertically integrated Rhone-Poulenc company in France and Shell-Montecatini in Italy retreat behind the Common Market tariff barriers.

The means adopted to integrate British textiles have varied slightly as between ICI and Courtaulds. ICI seems more concerned to get one or two integrated groups going by means of loans: hence the English Sewing-Tootal group and the Viyella-Van Heusen group, whereas Courtaulds is becoming more closely involved. In one sector it is grouping together under its own wing rayon weaving (Nelson and Carrington); in another sector there are knitted goods (Meridian, Foister Clay and Bairns-Wear); and in another there are outerwear makers (Susan Small, some of Foister and some of Bairns-Wear). What is noticeable is that almost all the companies have their own brand names known to retailers and the public. Here—apart from the shops themselves—is real vertical integration from petro-chemical works to the shop.

Whether or not ICI and Courtaulds have finished their programme remains to be seen. It also remains to be seen how much rationalisation can in fact be achieved. But it looks as though the rest of the industry will be forced to take defensive action. Already there is news that the giant Calico Printers Association is making a rival bid for a small fashion store chain, Hide and Co.

GOOD LIVING

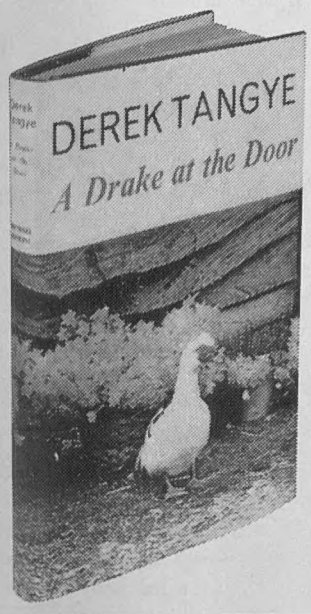
by Ganymede

The remarkable thing from my own personal point of view about the annual tasting of Messrs. O. W. Loeb and Co. Ltd., to which I had been looking forward with the highest expectations of some really outstanding German wines, was the surprising quality of a lesser French wine. Of the 40 wines shown, 28 were from the Rhine and Mosel, for those areas represent the exceptional strength of this firm of shippers. Dr Otto Loeb, who himself could not be there—I have just received a picture postcard from him from Chile—is one of the most knowledgeable experts on Hocks and Mosels, his fine nose and palate always ensures the finest possible selection of the German harvest. So I am not detracting from the value of his German wines—they were as good as ever, and I shall presently revert to dealing with them—by singling out his Sancerre 1962. This, as we know, is one of the light white wines of the Loire Valley, which is very popular on its home ground and in the restaurants of Paris. Considering that the total production seldom exceeds 2,000 casks, it is not surprising that the demand often exceeds the supply, especially in recent years when the British wine drinker has also become interested. I have tasted many examples of Sancerre, both here and in France, but never have I tasted one of the extraordinary quality of this one found and shipped by the versatile Dr Loeb. Its fruity, fresh bouquet and enjoyable taste was absolutely staggering for a simple, young wine, but at the same time in perfect keeping with its character and age. (This unique specimen retails at 16s 6d per bottle.)

Among the other non-German wines I also liked the trio of 1961 Alsatians shown, both the Riesling and the Gewuerztraminer were outstanding, although not very cheap at 17s 6d and 26s 3d respectively. When it came to the Mosel, Saar and Ruwer, and the Rhine, Nahe and Palatinate wines, I found myself in a slight disagreement with Mr Goldthorp, Dr Loeb's co-director, who was acting as host. The majority of the wines from both areas were of the " golden year " of 1959, but there were also two each of 1960 and 1961 shown in each group.

The 1959's, as was to be expected, were all magnificent, each in its own way, but in each category, in the ascending order of price and quality, I found more and more sweetness and richness, than is normally present in the same wines. I must make this perfectly clear, there was absolutely nothing wrong with them, they were delightful, in ascending degree up to the Piesporter Goldtroepfchen Hochfeine Auslese (at 68s 9d) and the Marcobrunner Beerenauslese Cabinet (at 94s), really luscious wines well worth every penny of their price. At the same time, I thought that they were too good to be true, they were not typical of either Mosel or Hock, they were the result of an exceptional year, the product of a fluke. I told Mr Goldthorp that I thought the 1960, and the 1961 wines even more so, were more perfect examples of what I consider the German wines should be at their best. I was delighted with the 1960 Wehlener Sonnenuhr (22s 6d) or the 1961 Forster Ungeheuer Riesling Cabinet (21s 3d) and considered these much more suitable for drinking with the foods one associates with Hocks or Mosels, whereas so many of the 1959's are much fuller and sweeter and short of that refreshing minimum acidity so enjoyable in these wines.

I have a feeling that I rather shocked Mr Goldthorp with the opinion I expressed, although he was much too good and tactful a host to show it. He did say however, that my view concurred much more with that of the public in the home country of these wines than that of the great British wine drinkers.



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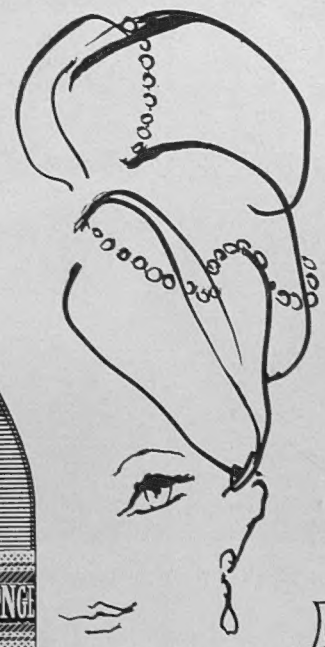

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COLLECTING A NEW CAR

356 I still get letters from motorists complaining that it is no longer possible to go to the factory to collect their new cars personally. These people are, of course, living in the past. Even car dealers are being progressively denied the right to collect customers' cars from the works, one of the main reasons being the fantastic rate at which cars roll off the assembly lines in these days of automation and mass production.

There could easily be serious congestion at the big car factories if elaborate plans were not made for the newly completed cars to be whisked away to the ports, to special parking grounds and to the home distributors as soon as they come off the assembly lines at the rate of hundreds every day.

That is why specialist car collection companies have been operating for years, employing the delivery drivers who, armed with their trade plates, thumb lifts from you and me; or using twin-deck transporters which, among other things, ensure that new cars are not overdriven on their way from the factory—the main reason many motorists would like to be able to collect their new cars personally. Not all dealers have taken kindly to the new set-up and I see that one of them, writing in *Motor Industry*, blames it on the manufacturers' allegedly spineless attitude to the trade unions, and particularly to the Transport and General Workers Union.

This disgruntled dealer writes: "Because the union members have objected very strongly to collection by non-union or part-time drivers, the dealers have now all but lost their traditional right to collect their own cars. In many instances we now have to accept delivery at the main agents, at great expense to us and with profit to the wholesaler. Some of the big distributor groups have their own transporters or have financial interests in car collection companies, so they cannot lose."

The writer goes on to make a plea that will be echoed by every private motorist. If, he says, manufacturers want to take over the delivery arrangements completely, they should stop the practice of quoting the prices of their models as ex-works and, instead, have a fixed price at the showroom so that a customer would not have to pay more for a particular car, whether he buys in Coventry or Kilmarnock.

"Delivery charges," he says, "have long been one of the biggest causes of misunderstanding and dissatisfaction between dealers and their customers. The ordinary motorist finds it very difficult to understand why he must pay several pounds above 'list price.' All the niggling extras should be included: the delivery charge to the collection park, the petrol put into the tank at the factory, the anti-freeze and all the other odds and ends."

One regrettable aspect of the changed situation is that when dealers habitually collected clients' cars from the factory they were able to find out for themselves if there was anything wrong with them. At least it gave them the *chance* to put right any faults the cars might have on leaving the assembly line.

Safer motoring design

One of the most interesting exhibits at the recent Italian motor show in Turin was the special design of Pininfarina and Dr Gianni Mazzocchi for safer motoring. It consists of a basic structure capable of being used in a wide variety of mechanical layouts including front- or rear-wheel drive.

It has a tremendously strong basic shell claimed to be almost uncrushable and so able to give maximum protection to the car's occupants in any sort of crash. The front and rear bulkheads are angled to deflect away from the shell any mechanical components—the engine for instance—which might break away in the crash.

The steering box is placed high up and away from the front of the car in front of a strong bulkhead. The steering column is unusually short and is mounted on the bottom of a large sheet metal cone to which the wheel is attached. This cone is torsionally stiff but collapses easily under impact.

All this is very sound design from the safety point of view and I would like to think it will be featured on models generally available in the next few years. Unfortunately such cars would cost a lot more than those of conventional design and manufacturers of mass-produced cars will, I am afraid, not be very interested. Nor is it likely, I suppose, that there will be any legal requirement to build cars in this way. Who knows?

The neat trim look of the new Rover 2000 shows as well in the front view as in its profile

The Rover 2000

I have just been road-testing the Rover 2000. The new Rover has greatly benefited by technical advances and is a car of great elegance and distinction. It gives the impression of being "with it" whether judged on performance, appearance or interior design.

Its outstanding features are its road-holding and cornering (thanks largely to its de Dion rear axle); the liveliness of its 1,980 c.c. overhead-camshaft, five-bearing engine, with concave-crowned pistons forming part of the combustion chambers; excellent braking by servo-assisted discs on all four wheels (inboard at the back), though there was a slight tendency towards squeaking on my test car; a first-class, four-speed, all-synchromesh gearbox whose well-placed central change lever has an incredibly short travel and a neat, easily operated safety catch for reverse; and well-designed, leather-upholstered individual seats fore and aft—those at the front recline fully—in a saloon which does not pretend to be more than a four-seater, though three adults can be accommodated in the back when the armrest is folded up.

Motorists of experience and enthusiasm—including doctors, traditional buyers of Rover cars—who rode with me in the 2000 expressed surprise that the new model was less roomy inside than they expected and that it was less quiet than they had hoped, both as to road and transmission noise. They found no fault with the engine in this respect but I myself thought it was a bit slow in warming up on cold mornings and was inclined to run unevenly until the needle of the temperature gauge had had time to move round a bit. Two other small criticisms: this 100 m.p.h. car's admirable engine merits a tachometer—I often found myself glancing vainly along the dashboard to check my engine speed—and the interior and facia lighting were rather too dim.

You can cruise at 90 m.p.h. if you want to—on the right kind of roads—for the new Rover has a high overall ratio and it is a joy to drop down into third gear and rev up to an unfussy 85, though in the car I tested there were a couple of short-lived but unpleasant vibration periods.

My petrol consumption worked out at about 25 m.p.g. That is an overall figure for about 300 miles in town and country. Earlier, on the old RAF station at Honiley, in Warwickshire, I had obtained a petrol mileage figure of 36·8 to the gallon when cruising at a steady 50 m.p.h. The Rover costs £1,264 and, like the new Triumph 2000, is designed to cater for a segment of the market in which there had not previously been a very wide choice.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELLIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30 1963. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

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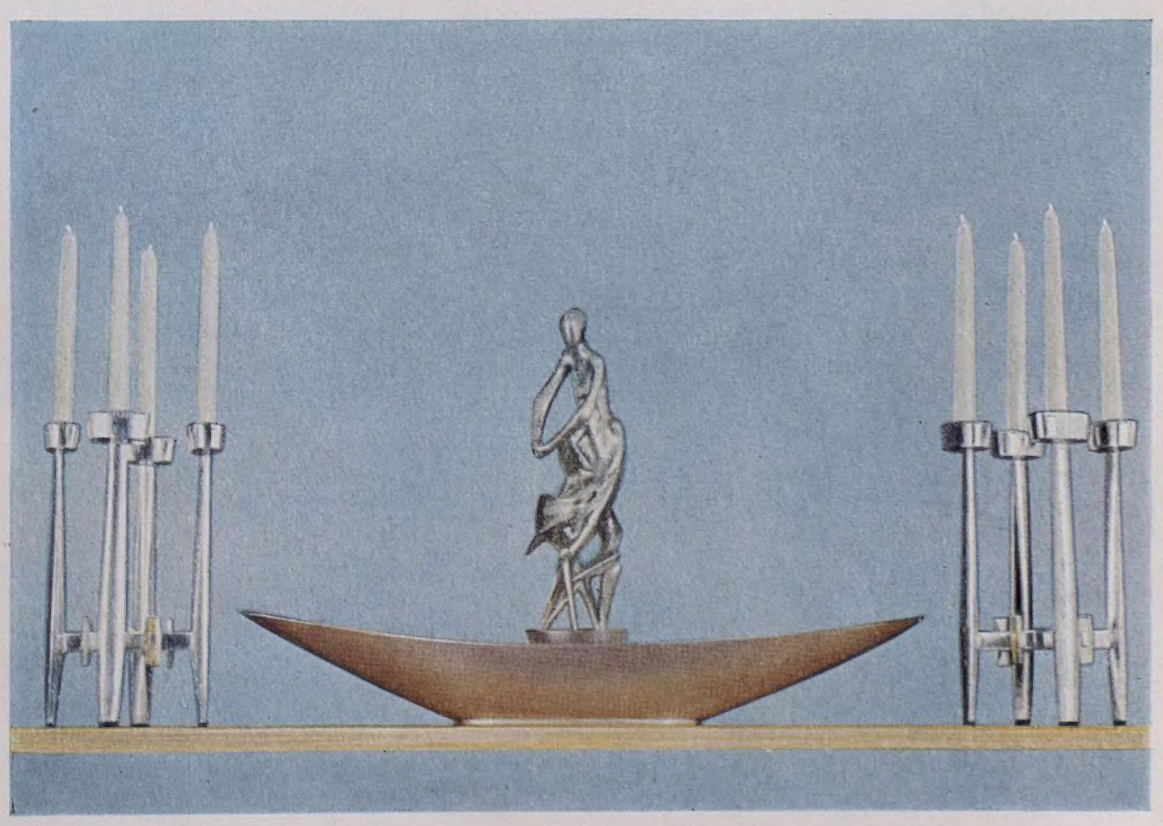

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